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A Prize Story written expressly for the "Times."

THE STRAY WAIF.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER XIII.

"The gallows waits without, my Lord; why linger?"
"A wedding has transpired, good friend; a right
Brave wedding!"—*Old Play.*

THE day appointed for the execution of the doomed man arrived. A clear, cloudless July day, with a tinge of gold in the lucid atmosphere, and fringes of soft, rich crimson upon the morning clouds.

The gallows had been erected upon the green in front of the jail, and, although the hour of the execution had been fixed at twelve o'clock, by eight in the morning, the space before the prison was thronged with a mob of sight-seers, rejoicing in the expected opportunity of witnessing a public "hanging."

Within the cell of the convict were three persons. Hamilton De Lancie, Edith Tarleton, and the old chaplain of Rockrest—a man of more than fourscore years! The same who, nineteen years before, had placed the seal of baptism upon Edith's forehead, by the side of that lone, black sea, which had nearly been her grave!

There was a deep silence in the cell, until the arrival of two gentlemen, officers of the county, broke the stillness. One of those came up before Hamilton and Edith who, hand in hand, sat upon the rude prison bench; and said—

"Are you resolved upon this?"

"We are resolved!" came quietly from each.

"Then, Mr. Markland, proceed with the ceremony."

There were a few words spoken, a solemn service read, a touching prayer offered to Heaven, and there in the terrible gloom of a prison, with the shouts of an excited mob, ringing in their ears, Hamilton and Edith were pronounced "one flesh."

The aged minister and the officers who had acted as witnesses, went out and left the bridegroom with his bride, for they felt that these last hours of life were too sacred to be profaned with curious eyes.

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At precisely a quarter to twelve the great bell of the prison rang, and the sheriff came to lead the doomed to death. His chains were removed, and with a composed step, he passed out of the jail, supporting the half-frantic Edith with his arm. At the foot of the gallows he embraced and kissed her, but his kiss was given to an inanimate body, for the poor girl, overcome by the terrible scene which presented itself, fell to the ground in a state of insensibility. A friend of her husband bore her away from the place, and so she was spared it all.

With a calm and unruffled face Hamilton passed up the steps to the scaffold, gave a few orders to the executioner, refused the offer of a handkerchief over his eyes, and then stepping to the railing, he addressed the gaping crowd.

"My friends, I wish you all to bear witness that I die innocent, and may God have mercy upon my accusers!"

The sheriff was about to adjust the rope to his neck, when a splendid carriage, drawn by four foaming horses, dashed recklessly through the crowd. A woman sprang out, and the cry—"STOP THE EXECUTION! STOP THE EXECUTION!"—rang loud and shrill from her lips.

"Regina Stanford!" cried the doomed, looking at her in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes; I, Regina Stanford, am here at last, to save the innocent, and expose the guilty! *With my own right hand I murdered Eugene De Lancie!* Murdered him that there might be no obstacle in the way of my winning the love of his brother! I asked him to meet me by Stillwater, on that fatal afternoon; and when he came, I asked him to release me from the vows which his hateful love had bound upon me! He refused—an altercation of words ensued, and I killed him! The *knife* which was found in the hand of the murdered man, I had procured from Hamilton's room some time before, to prune a rose-bush; and by some singular fatality I had kept it about my person! The writing in his pocket was pencilled by my own hand—unsteady from the blood which clogged it, and trembling with the horror which froze in every vein of my body. My only excuse for this dreadful deed is the love which since the first moment of my acquaintance with him, I have borne Hamilton De Lancie! The awful sacrifice was in vain! I have begged and entreated my friends to let me come to save *him*, but they thought me maddened, and confined me in my chamber. Last night I stole away without their knowledge, in time to save the innocent from such a fate! And now hear me. *Here beneath the sky of Heaven, I do solemnly declare that on the 10th day of April last, I put an end to the mortal life of Eugène De Lancie by stabbing him in the breast with a clasp-knife!*"

As Regina finished speaking, the officers of the law advanced to arrest her, but she waved them scornfully back.

"Do you take me for a fool? to come here thus and own myself a murderess! Ha! but you know not the character of her with whom you have to deal! I have swallowed arsenic enough to kill a score of you! Death is stronger than your laws, and once with him your power cannot reach me!"

She staggered back a few paces—a blue pallor came over her face, her hands were clenched tightly together—her lips changed from crimson to a black purple; she uttered the word—"Forgive!" and sank lifeless to the earth!

All efforts at resuscitation failed; and the disfigured corpse, of the once beautiful and admired Regina Stanford, was taken to the hotel, to await the orders of her relatives.

The coachman who had driven her from Boston, delivered to Hamilton a letter, which had been entrusted to his care in case she did not live to reach the place of execution. It was found to contain a confession of her sins, and among others, Hamilton was thunderstruck to find that the letter which Edith Tarleton had received, previous to leaving Wellspring, was written not by her father, but by Eugene, at the instance and dictation of Regina. She had thought that if Edith could be removed forever from the man she loved, there would be a prospect of her, at last, obtaining that love which she coveted, and for which she was willing to destroy both soul and body. The reader has seen the punishment of her crime!

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When Edith recovered her consciousness, the first object that met her eyes was her husband—sitting by the side of the sofa on which they had laid her; his lips wreathed with a bright smile, and the glow of perfect happiness upon his face.

She sprang into his arms with a wild, glad cry, and he gathered her there in his strong embrace, and whispered—"Joy! joy! my darling! all is well!"

"What means it?" she asked him, fearfully, hiding her face in his breast, the while.

"Free my blessed wife! free from all stain!"

CHAPTER XIV.

"Our world of empire is not large,
But priceless wealth it holds;
A little heaven links marge to marge,
But what rich realms it folds!
And clasping all from outer life
Sits Love with golden wing—
Abroad o'er dearer life-in life
Within our Fairy Ring!
Dear Love!
Our hallowed Fairy Ring!"
Massey.

HAMILTON De Lancie and his bride took up their residence at Wellspring, for the associations belonging to The Grange were unpleasant to them both, and they would not have their blessed happiness disturbed by dark memories.

Their lives passed away in one continued round of bliss—friends crowded in upon them to offer their congratulations; and Gov. M——, and his beautiful daughter Agnes, came down from Boston to cultivate their acquaintance. Edith and the young Agnes became strong friends, and many a pleasant visit was exchanged between them.

One evening, when they had been married about four months, Hamilton and Edith were sitting upon the sofa—her head upon his shoulder—while he told her a story of grim old times in which figured many a brave knight and courtly dame; there came a hurried ring at the great hall-door.

Edith started up and assumed dignity upon the farther end of the sofa—getting a mischievous kiss for her pains—and before her blushes had faded away, the parlor door was thrown open, and a servant announced—

"LORD FREDERICK MONTRESSOR!"

Edith arose, in unfeigned surprise, to greet him, and present him to her husband as one of the friends she had made while at New Orleans. But the Earl returned her courteous salutation with a hurried air quite foreign to his usual calm self-possessed manner. For a few moments the conversation was upon commonplace subjects, but the Earl had evidently come for something more important than the mere interchange of compliments, for he was *distrait* and abrupt in all he said. Presently he drew his chair nearer to Edith and remarked—though not without embarrassment,

"Mrs. De Lancie, your pardon for the liberty, but I wish to ask you a few questions which may seem to you impertinent, but be assured I have a reason for thus doing."

Hamilton half arose and looked upon the presuming stranger with a haughty gaze, but Edith said softly—

"I have confidence in your word, my lord; go on."

"Thanks, madam! then permit me to ask if you know aught of your parentage? Mons. St. Leger has informed me that you were a—a foundling."

"It is true;" she replied, with a sigh, "I was washed ashore on the coast of this State, nearly twenty years ago, from the wreck of an English brig."

"But was there no clue about your person—nothing by which your friends, if they are living, could identify you?"

"Nothing—ah, yes, the chain of coral! It is in the secretery yonder, Hamilton, give it to me!"

Hamilton arose, unlocked the cabinet, and taking out the necklace, laid it in his wife's hands.

"Good heavens!" uttered the Earl, "it is the very same!"

"Explain yourself, sir;" said Hamilton impatiently, "your conduct is enigmatical!"

"Your pardon, sir, but I have one more question to ask this lady. Madam, would you be happy to know the history of your parentage?" He had drawn closely up to her, and his hand rested upon her shoulder as he spoke, and his eyes looked down into hers with strange earnestness. Edith trembled violently, but she replied with fervor—

"Would to Heaven, I might fathom the mystery!"

The young Earl drew from his breast a miniature case set in diamonds, and touching a spring, he held the likeness up before Hamilton and Edith.

"Your own portrait, Edith! by all the gods! How came it?" and Hamilton looked at the beautiful face of the portrait in blank amazement.

"It is very like your wife," returned his lordship, "and yet you will see by the date upon the medallion, that it was painted thirty years ago—ten years before the birth of Mrs. De Lancie! It is the likeness of my mother!"

"Your mother!" gasped Edith, clinging to the picture, with a yearning for which she could not account.

"My mother, madam. Her maiden name was Vienne Ellenslie, by birth French, and she died of grief eighteen years ago! Perhaps you would be interested in her history, and I will sketch it for you very briefly. Two children were given to my parents—myself first; and five years afterwards, a girl, who was christened Auguste Ellenslie—in honor of my mother's only sister. This little infant was a very fragile child, and the physicians recommended a sea-voyage as the only sure means of permanently establishing its health. My mother was too feeble herself to think of venturing on a journey, and my father was so deeply immersed in politics that it was exceedingly inconvenient for him to leave London just at that time. Col. Carlyle with his wife, who was my mother's sister, was about going to America on a tour of pleasure, and my aunt Carlyle, having recently lost her own infant by death, was anxious to take the little Auguste with her for the child's health. My parents consented, and Col. Carlyle and his wife carried away my little sister. Young as I then was, I can remember, very vividly, how eagerly we looked for tidings from the absent ones. And tidings came—a Liverpool paper, ere long, announced the loss of the brig, 'Highflyer' and all on board! My poor mother was overcome by the shock, for she had loved her infant-daughter very dearly; and the news of her loss, together with that of her only sister, threw my mother into a decline, and after fifteen months of wasting illness, she was laid in the tomb of our family. My father, Lord Montressor, survived her eight years, and then, he too was gathered home. The vast property of the house of Montressor, together with the title, descended to me, and I have been living alone in the world, so far as kindred were concerned, ever since the death of my father! What would I not give, now, if my sister could have been spared to love me?"

Edith gazed into the young Earl's eyes with a species of fascination. "For the love of God, tell me," she cried, "what all this means!"

Montressor could contain himself no longer. He clasped Edith convulsively to his breast, and covered her lips, brow and cheek with passionate kisses.

"My sister! my long lost sister! God has been good to me, at last!"

And Edith, wondering and fearful, with a strange new joy at her heart, could only murmur over very softly the name which seemed so very sweet to her—

"My brother! my brother!"

* * * * *

It seemed that when Lord Frederick had first beheld Edith (then known as Mdlle. Leonore Gallini) he had been struck with the singular likeness which she bore, both in person and manner, to his mother.

He had questioned Mons. St. Leger repeatedly concerning his *protege*, but that gentleman had given him only vague replies, and never until long after Edith's departure from New Orleans, could he bring St. Leger to speak with him openly upon the subject of Edith's parentage. After informing the manager of his suspicions regarding the fair cantatrice, St. Leger had given Lord Frederick her address, and immediately the young man had set out for Rockrest. The result of his visit there is already known.

The friendless *Stray* WAIF had thus found a relative, and was acknowledged as the child of an English Earl. But her husband prized not her noble name or distinguished lineage, he loved only the fair being whom he had taken for herself—and he refused to call her by her rightful name—Auguste—keeping still to the sweet title of Saxon, Edith.

Lord Montressor, charmed with the South of the United States, purchased a fine plantation in the western part of Georgia, and disposing of his English property, he settled down into an American citizen. How much he might have been influenced in this step by the fair Agnes M——, the Governor's daughter, we are unprepared to say; but shortly after the purchase of the plantation, this young girl became Lady Montressor.

Edith rejoiced greatly in the fervent love of her noble brother, and every winter she goes with her husband, to spend the cold months in Lord Frederick's beautiful residence. Children, bright and joyous, gladden both the Northern and Southern home, and in the Perfect Peace which folds its wings about them, our friends have forgotten the sorrows which were theirs in the past.

Hoping that you, dear reader, may know, experimentally, how blessed a thing is Domestic Happiness—we but (as we make our parting bow)—write the single word—ADIEU.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Warrior's Death.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Silently by the conqueror,
'Neath his tent of gorgeous fold,
For the mist was gathering on his eye
And his lips were growing cold;
Crimson hangings around him swept
And waved in the night wind's breath,
But a mocking chill across him crept
From the shadowy wing of death.

He had led the van on many a field
With the warrior's proud array,
With the courser's prance and the flying lance
He had led to victory,
With the banners waving o'er him,
And the deep roll of the drum,
He had challenged death on the battle-field,
And now was the presence come.

Darkness gathered around him
And hung o'er the nightly camp,
From without there rang the sullen clang
Of the sentries heavy tramp:
Oh, not with music and banner
The sword and the cannon's boom,
The mighty warrior Saladin
Was waiting for his doom!

And now with the death damp on him
He bade his herald hear,
And bear forth through the crowded camp
His shroud on a battle spear:
And say unto those who listen
The friend and the questionless
"All that remains for Saladin,
The conqueror is this."

What were the wreath of victory
Or "the stormy meed of fame,"
As the herald went from the dying man
With the shroud and loud acclaim,
"Behold the glory of Saladin,
It is nothing but a name!"

The stars came hurrying out in heaven,
And wild flowers drank the dew,
But those who watched by the warrior's bed
Saw a presence that they knew;
It hath come to the captive in his cell,
To the sailor on the sea,
To the bride amid her orange blooms,
And the babe on its mother's knee.

And now it gathered o'er him
By the quickly rattling breath,
And the warriors stood around with awe
For they knew the front of death;
No censors waved above him,
And no priest in sable stole,
Prayed by the blessed crucifix
Peace for the passing soul!

Set was the glory of Saladin,
And they bore him to the tomb,
With the bugle's march the drum's low roll
And the cannon's awful boom;
And they closed the earth above him
With the murmured low acclaim,
Set is the glory of *Saladin*,
And emptiness *his fame!*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY A STUDENT.

As from my window I view yon long
line of hills memory calls to light the form
of one with whom I used to climb their
summits—one now no more.* He was
young and gifted. He had a noble, generous heart and a bright intellect. He left
his home in N. C., and came into our midst
to polish the jewel, nature had given him
—his intellect; to win academic honors;
and alas! to die, just as he was about to
graduate with the highest honors of his
class. Ah! how awful was the silence,
how deep the reverence that pervaded our
buoyant band, when we had gathered to
hear the *sad* lesson taught by his death,
impressed upon us, by our honored President.

"We had gathered to our place of prayer
With slow and measured tread;
Our ranks all full, our mates all there—
But the soul of one had fled."

Sadly and silently we performed the
last offices of respect to our departed comrade. As we stood around his last resting
place and heard the mournful rumbling
of the clods, the hardest heart was mellowed
and all eyes were moistened. Every one

"Turned and wept. 'Twas manliness
To be heart broken there;
The grave of one, the best of us,
Was watered by the tear."

He sleeps on where we laid him, in an unadorned grave. An inscription, upon a plain marble slab, will tell successive generations of students, as they come and go, who sleep beneath that silent mound. Away from home and kindred, he died, with no kind mother or loving sister near, softly, tenderly, to soothe the death pang. The hand of affection has planted no rose to bloom above him. His loved ones never pay a pilgrimage to his tomb to water, with their tears, the sod that covers his ashes. Thus to die amid staangers; thus to die, in youth, full of hope and with bright honors, beckoning him on. Oh, it was hard!

Sad was the fate of that young man; yet he met it manfully. Many a noble young man nobly encounters the same fate. Many a noble youth, fired with laudable ambition, drops a farewell tear upon the graves of buried love, bids adieu to the scenes and friends of his youth, and with nerve and tendon tensely strung, enters the strife, where wealth and fame are to be won. Determined that his character shall be spotless, and his integrity unbending, he goes forth. His language is, let me do my duty, let me brave my difficulties; and wherever and whenever the messenger meets me, I will calmly yield my spirit up, conscious that my ashes will sleep as sweetly and rise as surely from a foreign strand, as from the green vale where the willow weeps above the commingled dust of my fathers. How grand the scene! A heart brave enough to attempt to carve out an honorable destiny—a soul braced up with the high resolve to grapple for honor and distinction with the battling host!

To all who start with this noble resolution continue bravely to battle? Do all win the prize? Ah! numerous and awful the wrecks that drift upon the sea of life, and lie stranded upon the quicksands of vice! 'Tis true that ill health and an early grave have blighted the expectations of many an ambitious young man. Disappointed affection has planted the seeds of ruin in some, disappointed dreams of ambition have ruined many more. But the want of a rigid self-control has ruined more than all other causes combined. "The ship of the mind filled for the voyage of life has wanted still its *helm*."

Often from the want of self-control, the voice of genius has been heard uttering the grating curses of insanity, and practicing every note of anguish from the wildest wail of woe to the deepest groan of agony. But recently the news has been heralded by almost every press in the Union, that one of the most brilliant orators in the South, W. T. Haskel, of Tenn., is in the Lunatic Asylum. The deadly "still worm" has coiled its loathsome length around that towering mind and dragged it to the earth—that splendid intellect is in ruin! Recently the public was shocked by the announcement, that the young and talented Editor, W. F. Wightman, of N. C., had been betrayed into the desperate act of suicide! Without appealing to history, facts start up on every hand to illustrate the dreadful consequences of a want of self-control. A brave heart, it must be, that can meet triumphantly all the adverse influences that abound in this unfriendly world. There are times when injustice and ingratitude hurl their envenomed darts at the most sensitive; and while they writhe meaner natures, batten on their agony, as a butcher's dog battens on garbage. There are times when those adders in human form, which, like the asp that stung Cleopatra, can be traced by their slime, fix their fangs in the noblest natures. There are times when despair throws the black shadow of its raven wing upon the brightest hearts. Then the sensitive victim may yield and sink beneath his weight of woe; or maddened with rage, may leap upon the whirling vortex of vice and ruin.

England has her Kirk White; who lacerated by the cruel hand of injustice, and broken and crushed in spirit, sank into an untimely grave; and her Byron, whose spirit, in justice and misfortune converted into a compound of misanthropy and despair, whose verse is a ceaseless pouring of bitter waters from a bitter fountain, and who, having burned out the ardor of his impetuous nature at the age of thirty-six, closed his brilliant though black career in a foreign land. To succeed in life, one must have the *nerve* to brave life's every battle and wade life's every tempest with an undaunted brow and a bold front.

Since, in my rambling, I have fallen upon *self-control*, I would add that the appetites, the passions and affections should be controled. One who is governed by his appetites, makes sensual pleasure the pole-star of his existence; and his desires point to it with the unwavering fidelity of the needle. Unbridled indulgence places upon him a slothfulness, which, like the creeping darkness of midnight, steals upon him, and locks his brain in an eternal sleep. An incubus is upon him, which he can no more shake off than the fabled giants the burning Ætna. How often, too, has a flash of ire, from a mind darkened by rage in the fatal duel, like a flash from the darkened heavens, hurled an immortal being into eternity; and thrown a spell of terror over the dark soul of the *honorable* man, who has perpetrated a legal murder! The dramatist who holds so splendid a mirror up to nature, has given us an Othello who expired by a suicidal hand, under the influence of love strong as death, and jealousy cruel as the grave. Then the passions must be controled. Many a man might be an Alexander, if he could but bend and govern himself, and many an Alexander, with power to conquer, is overcome by himself, at last. He lies down without his harness, and rises afterwards, like a shorn Samson, "eyeless in Gaza, at the mill, with slaves."

* This writer refers to F. C. Parks, of Wilkes county, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

On the Brow of Heaven.

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

On the brow of heaven,
Pure and bright and sweet,
Stars like shining imprints
Of the angels feet—
Hang above the house tops—
Hang above the Street.

While the moon in beauty
Rolls toward the West,
Like the bride of darkness,
In her White robes dressed,
Hastening to the Wedding—
Stoping not to rest.

Waves in half heard murmers
Whisper to the shore,
Telling the same stories
Told so oft before—
Whispering the same music
That they did of yore.

And the earth is sleeping
'Neath the starry beams,
And the birds and flowers
Dream their sweetest dreams,
While my thoughts are roaming
Down a thousand streams
Seeking for the island
Of life's broken dreams.

Dreams, that rose before me
As childhood fleeted by—
Rose like hills of diamonds,
Glittering bright and high—
Dreams of love's first dawning
And its farewell sigh.

Hopes that glittered o'er me
Like the quivering wing
Of a straying angel
Heavenward hastening;
Or like pearly flowers
On the robes of spring.

Memory is the island
Of each broken dream,
And it lies far downward
In the past's deep stream,
And amid its shadows
Stars of memory gleam.

I can see upon it
Forms I once held dear—
Smiles in sunny circles
And waves of golden hair,
Lips of rosy sweetness—
And *many a holy tear!*

Songs of careless joy,
And sighs of joyless care;
Broken strains of music,
And passages of prayer;
White robes for the bridal—
And white shrouds for the bier.

Mingled flowers and snow drops,
Mingled hopes and fears,
Dreams of love and hatred,
Dreams of smiles and tears,
Music, rest, and discord,
On this isle appear,
And all the joys and sorrows
Of life's first born years!

On the brow of heaven,
Pure, bright and sweet,
Stars like shining imprints
Of the angels feet—
Hang above the housetops—
Hang above the street.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

WANTED-FACTS.

BY GEO. W. DAMAS.

"Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts.—Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts; nothing else will ever be of any service to them. Stick to Facts, sir." Thus the first paragraph of "Hard Times," appeared to me with all of its innate force. Sir Thomas Gradgrind was truly the representative of Mr "Boz's" moral philosophy. He spoke with a truthful earnestness. It is a rich inheritance that those words were transmitted to a most grateful posterity; and moreover that Mr. Gradgrind has lived to see the magic effect of his school room speech. The world should have been his audience—but it has the lesson. There are several volumes of moral philosophy in that small paragraph—and its author knew it.

"In this life, we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but facts." Right again, Mr. G., you are a public benefactor—if the world does not raise its marble bust to your memory, loving souvenirs will be enshrined in the hearts of the Anglo-Saxon. Facts alone belong to him, intrigue and treachery do not mark his advancing footsteps. In fact, we must stick to facts." We want facts in our social, our commercial and our monetary systems. Facts are the best capitol in the bank of Progression. Nearly a hundred years of fruitful experience has demonstrated this. National deviations from facts are unproportionally greater than individual ones. What a blessing it would be, if fact was established as the cheapest, but most valuable commodity in monetary affairs! What if we had facts in our social system, instead of the mockery, the lie of fashion. We would strike at the "root of evil," uproot it and plant the germ—the life-giving germ—fact. If that branch was eradicated, the parent stem would receive less nourishment. In this way we would raise a new generation. Morally and socially we want truths.—Fashion is a very pleasing goddess, and hence her numerous worshippers. Woman and fashion are incontrovertibly one and the same. One cannot exist without the other. That is a fact—a lamentable one. It has more evils as a fact, than anything else. Woman should make fact

"A crystal mirror hanging at her breast,
By which men's consciences are searched and drest."

Moral fact cannot travel as the hand-maid of fashion; yet there is generosity in her every action. Moral fact is not sober, ever-date; she does not place her hands together, and lift them up in holy horror, exclaiming as the Pharisee that she is not as mankind, but moral fact even thinks that the greatest sinner that she is aware of, is herself. She is never self-sacrificing; and herein she benefits herself and the world. But Philosopher that we are, we despair of ever supplanting facts in what is termed the higher grades of our social system.—Fact may beckon commerce into a safe haven; she will not follow in the wake of vessels laden with silks and satins, or be a polar star when fashion laden with her offerings rides safely into a harbor. She is a safe pilot, but never finds employment in the latter vocation; yet she is often forced to listen to the regrets of unskilfull mariners. Fashion, O fashion! may you learn from sad experience to heed the admonitions of fact! may your life be pleasant, not wretched!

We want facts in literary affairs—the mirror held up to nature. Books that pander to a vitiated tase, eat into our truly social bodies. The old adage is reversed, fiction is stranger than fact. The imagination takes lofty flights, and nature is sacrificed most unmercifully. There is nothing good—everything is bad, if we believe all that we read. There is no healthy atmosphere, we are told. Man has originated nothing, but that it proved a disadvantage. Prosperity was his curse—yet he was stimulated to it by adversity! Strange that this should be. If the moral-toned press, with its advancing steps ticked by telegrapic time, is aware of its inherent power, and rides with the monitor Fact above the mere trash that reeks in corruption around it, is it necessary that it should stoop from its high position to notice the outburst of faction or the tricksters of party? It possesses fact. An ancient King once said, "that probity and truth were the artificers in politics," These the vitiated press never knew. The world could cry for it in vain, "Wanted-facts." The press is free—but freedom should not be made a pretence for sacrificing honesty, truth and virtue. Institutions of our common country must not be attacked by literary bipeds, through the press, before the advertisement of "facts" is answered; and even not then.

"You are to be in all things regulated and governed by fact," said Gradgrind, the school-teacher. We hope to have before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. You must discard the word Fancy altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You are not to have, in any object of use or ornament, what would be a contradiction of fact." This should be written on the wall in letters of gold. It should be the guiding star of every public man; by it he will never vary from virtue and honesty. We cannot, then, ask of him—"wanted-facts."

When the Hon. Mr. Blower made his celebrated speech in Congress the people echoed his praises, and he awoke on the morn after his speech and found himself famous. His remarks had created great sensation. He was pointed out as "The Hon. Mr. Blower, the rising member, who pronounced the great speech on manifest destiny." What excellent rhetorical flourishes it possessed! What fanciful language it contained! Mr. B., might well be proud of his fame. But it was more like the glare of the meteor than the pure and steady light of the star; for it soon grew dim and vanished. The cause was easily explained. Mr. Truth arose in Congress and requested the Hon. Mr. Blower to allow him to make a suggestion. It was readily granted. "Wanted—facts?" bluntly said Hon. Mr. Truth. It echoed all around—wanted—facts. "I declare that never occured to me," said several gentlemen looking surprisingly at each other. The press, too, commenced to review that stupendous production; but they stopped after reading a little, and simply placed the meaning lines at the head of their columns—"wanted-facts." And even now they flit before the mind of the Hon. Mr. Blower, like an evil spirit, and he reads the hand writing on the wall—"wanted-facts." It was the mistake of his life—his fame—his honor. The finely studied passages in a speech attract the attention of the public, just as the gaudiness of a frescoed ceiling attracts their admiration; it is very pretty to admire at a distance; but when you approach, to critically examine it, you instantly perceive no substance, no beauty. There are irregular lines of tri colors—there is nothing in it. We must have for a basis fact in everything. We must "in all things be regulated and governed by fact." We must adopt it nationally and individually; it must hover over the capital of every State—every government. It will purify them of corruption. It will more freely develope our institutions. It will make us great and wise—a happy and truthful people. We cannot then say—Wanted facts.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines) first insertion $1.00. Each additional week 25cts. The following ample deductions will be made in favor of standing Advertisements:

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Preserving Newspapers.

The Newspaper has become the indispensable institution of the day. Every body reads it for every kind of information wished. Hence it is expected that the editor should know every thing and publish every thing he knows. What an immense store of information is contained in one year's file of a Newspaper, and if preserved what a valuable gift for future years! If every County would file and have bound one or more Newspapers, the trifling cost would be the most judicious expenditure incumbent upon the County. We like the following remarks:

What so symbolical of loss and waste as a newspaper? It is scarcely a thing of a day—the evening of its publication often finds it out of print, and money is often unable to buy a file of it. Yet it is probable that few books are better worth keeping, so far as future history is concerned, for it is almost entirely in the newspapers that future historians will make researches In England three copies of each newspaper printed, signed by the publisher, must be sent to the stamp office which pays full price for them. After the expiration of a year, one complete file of the journal is transmitted to the British Museum, where they are bound in volumes, and preserved for reference. If this were done even for the most insignificant country newspaper in the United States, it would be conferring, at small expense, a boon, for which posterity would be truly grateful. As a contemporary remarks on the subject:

"If a similar arrangement could be introduced in this country, by which complete files of all country papers authorized to publish legal advertisements, would be required to be placed in the Clerk's office, in each county, would it not be of incalculable value as a record of transfer of lands, &c., and save much litigation? And would it not put a stop to the humbugging and impositions practiced upon the public, by the publishers of some "official" organs, we wot of, in their *weekly* issues?"

It would be useful in many ways. The entire legal and social record, the names of the founders, and all the most interesting future antiquities, to say nothing of claims to property, only exist in the local paper, of which in nine cases out of ten, no single file can be found ten years after. Who will say that every State shall not pass such a law as that established in England for the preservation of newspapers.

Congressional.

Tuesday, March 16.

SENATE.—The Senate was in Session all night, and until half-past six o'clock this morning, debating the Kansas bill.—All of the parliamentary expedients to adjourn were tried in vain. Sometimes scarcely a dozen members were in their seats. At two o'clock the Sergeant-at-Arms was despatched for the absentees and returned with several. During the session exciting altercations occured between Messrs. Green and Cameron. The President called the Senate to order, and order was at length restored. After thirty votes for that purpose, an adjournment was ordered until to-day at eleven o'clock. The Republicans of the Senate in a caucus, resolved to fix Monday next for taking the vote on the Kansas bill which proposition was accepted by the Democrats.—Personal explanations were made by Green and Cameron. The former withdrew all offensive remaks, and the latter asserted that he didn't mean to impeach the veracity of the former. Mr. King made a speech on Kansas affairs.

HOUSE.—Mr. Blair asked leave to introduce a bill to punish the importation of slaves under the pretence of apprenticeship, which was refused.

Mr. Greenwood introduced a bill punishing negro stealing in the Indian country.

Mr. Phelps introduced a bill for a railway from St. Louis to San Francisco, with four branches.

Mr. Montgomery introduced a bill for the admission of Kansas, which provides for a new convention for the consideration of the Lecompton constitution, and the constitution subsequently referred to the people. The bill was referred to a select committee. Mr. Covode offered a resolution to adjourn till the first Monday in June. Other bills and resolutions unimportant.

A memorial was received from the Legislature of Utah complaining that the only response to their previous memorial for a voice in the appointment of the federal officers of the territory was the sending out a new set, backed by an army. They want to know why their remonstrance was treated with contempt, and say they will not submit to the misrule of demagogues. They narrate their sufferings in Missouri, claim to be a portion of the American people, and therefore have a right to demand justice. The Mormons ask the government to withdraw the troops, and say they will defend their religion despite of earth and hell. They say some of the army officers have deserted, and will be hung.

Wednesday, March 17.

SENATE.—Mr. Crittenden made a speech against the Lecompton Constitution.

HOUSE.—The Utah memorial was ordered to be printed. The army bill was taken up and discussed till adjournment.

Tuesday, March 18.

SENATE.—The Senate resolved to hold night sessions. Mr. Gwin introduced a resolution to enquire of the Secretary of War, &c., what steps have been taken in regard to the massacre of 118 American citizens at Mountain Meadows, by the Indians or Mormons. No action was taken. The Kansas discussion was resumed on Mr. Toombs' bill. Mr. Toombs has the floor for the second session to-night.—Other members are to follow.

HOUSE.—The House resumed the consideration of the Army bill, which was discussed till adjournment. The vote on this bill will probably be taken to-morrow.

Friday, March 19.

SENATE.—Mr. Gwin's resolution of enquiry, relative to the murder of 118 emigrants, at Mountain Meadows, in Utah, was passed. Mr. Seward presented a petition for the prompt extinction of slavery. The discussion of Kansas affairs was then resumed.

HOUSE.—Mr. Quitman's bill, for one regiment of mounted men for the defence of the Texas frontier, and four regiments of volunteers for general service, was passed.

Senators Davis and Fitzpatrick are convalescent.

Saturday, March 20.

SENATE.—Mr. Bayard, from the Foreign Affairs Committee, submitted a resolution in relation to matters between this country and China. Laid on the table. The consideration of the Kansas bill was resumed and Mr. Wilson yielded the floor to Mr. Hale who made a speech in opposition to the bill.

HOUSE.—The House, in Committee of the Whole, discussed the Deficiency appropriation bill.

Monday, March 22.

SENATE.—The Kansas discussion was resumed. Mr. Stuart spoke against, and Mr. Bayard for the Lecompton Constitution. The lobbies were jammed with the expectation of hearing Mr. Douglas.

HOUSE.—Mr. Stephens offered a resolution for the discharge of Mr. Wolcott, and to turn him over to the officers of the law for trial before a Criminal Court, when it was discussed and adopted—ayes 125, nays 67. The deficiency appropriation bill was resumed in committee of the whole. Mr. Garnett made a speech in favor of the Lecompton Constitution.—Mr. Bishop also made a speech in favor of the same.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Brazil and the Brazilians—The London Quarterly Review and The Edinburgh for January The Lost Daughter by Mrs. Hentz—The Belle of Washington by Mrs. Lasselle—The Three Beauties by Mrs. Southworth—Wilkie Collins' Hide and Seek, and The Dead Secret—Russell's Magazine; close of the first year.

The magnificent volume, *Brazil and the Brazilians*, continues to excite the numerous commendations of the press all over the country. It is a work deserving (as Mr. Dodge would say) the most unqualified praise, supplying as it does and in the fullest manner a want that has been generally felt. Messrs. Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia, the publishers of Dr. Kane's celebrated volumes, are also the publishers of this sumptuous work. More than one competent English authority places them at the very head and front of their profession in this country, while many unprejudiced home artisans and critics have fully endorsed the assertion. We know that until their liberality placed this remarkably beautiful work before the public, our sources of information concerning the region it specializes were singularly few and deficient. Many erroneous impressions are now removed, and new and interesting features introduced for our instruction. The political and social condition, the manners, customs, etc., of the inhabitants, and the natural history and remarkably wonderful and interesting picturesque features of the country are all minutely and faithfully described. Messrs. Fletcher and Kidder having enjoyed in their twenty years familiar intercourse and residence in the country, greater opportunities of observation than any other two Americans who could be named. The pictorial illustration, of which there are one hundred and fifty, add vastly to the interest of this beautiful volume, and are of that fine character which attracted so much commendation to the mechanical excellencies of Dr. Kane's volumes.

The fine old *London Quarterly Review*, and the *Edinburgh* are both unusually attractive for the January quarter. In the former stately Journal we find two articles of especial interest—one treating of the Sense of Pain in Man and Animals, showing the beneficial distribution of pain as a protective against physical injury, in the system of an All-wise Providence—the other, a full and elaborate paper on The Woolwich Arsenal and its Manufacturing Establishments, in which a vast amount of interesting information is presented to the reader relative to the history and manufacture of the royal ordnance. Though perchance unattractive at the first glance to the general reader there is no one but will be deeply absorbed in these two capital papers. There is also in the *Quarterly* a fine review of Tobias Smollet, a genial and appreciative retrospection of the characteristics of the author of Humphry Clinker. The article on The Historic Peerage will attract many interested readers, while the observer of British politics will find himself cared for in Our Indian Empire. In the *Edenburgh* the articles of most interest are a charming paper on School Days at Rugby, noticed in our last book-article; a sketch of the Hawker's Literature of France; a review of Coventry Patmore's love poem, An Angel in the House, the delicate beauties of which are pointed out with praise; and the political paper The Addington and Pitt Administrations. These are but four of the nine masterly articles in this excellent number. Our readers should remember that these numbers begin new volumes, and that the price of either review is but three dollars per annum, or the two together for five dollars, or the whole four British Quarterlies as republished by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., New York, together with Blackwood's famous Magazine (monthly) ten dollars per annum.

Our favorite Southern authoress, the lamented Caroline Lee Hentz, never wrote anything more exquisitely tender and beautiful than her popular little novellette Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag. It is the most lengthy of her shorter romances, and unquestionably the best. This is high praise in view of the charming interest which is inseperably attached to Linda, Robert Graham, The Planter's Northern Bride, etc. Aunt Patty contains all the elements of continued popularity, and will always be in demand. We are glad that a new edition has been called for, which those indefatigable caterers for the public literary appetite, Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just supplied. Under the title, *The Lost Daughter, with Other Stories of the Heart*, they have issued a handsome 12mo. volume, the sixth in their uniform edition of the works of Mrs. Hentz. In addition to Aunt Patty, which comprises more than half the volume, and the well-known leading story which gives the title to the book, and which Mr. Godey pronounces "among the many lasting and beautiful souvenirs of her literary triumphs the one most worthy of her reputation," we also find several old favorites which the admirers of the lady will be glad to procure in so attractive a form, including The Pea Green. Taffeta, The Purple Satin Dress, The Soldier's Bride, The Red Velvet Boddice, etc. The mere announcement of the titles must awaken pleasant reminiscences in the recollections of many of our readers who will no doubt be glad to go through the same rare entertainment once more. Let them secure the volume.

The novels of southern life, entitled respectively *The Belle of Washington* by Mrs. N. P. Lasselle; and *The Three Beauties*, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, will find many readers in the present dearth of good works of fiction. Mrs. Lasselle's novel is an attempt to portray society in the fashionable circles at Washington, and will be easily recognized by those familiar with that society, as a true picture of Life in the National Metropolis. The two heroines are well sketched; and the butterflies of humanity may find it profitable to compare the lives of the twain, so different in purposes and means. The reader will certainly admire the character of Annie Greyson—the Senator's daughter—who, with beauty, and every accomplishment, supplied with all that wealth can give, was enabled to pass through the great maelstrom of American Society without a blight.

Mrs. Southworth's novel, *The Three Beauties*, is a vivid picture of Southern life, manners and scenery. This lady's fictions have gained an almost unprecedented popularity, and but for the exaggerated character of her plots generally she would take rank at the head of American female novelists. The Three Beauties is freer from her peculiar faults than any of her late works. It is one of her earliest efforts, but is now for the first time published in book form. Both these romances are published in Philadelphia, and are from the active press of Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. They are issued in very handsome style.

Hide and Seek, by Wilkie Collins; *The Dead Secret*, by Wilkie Collins, each in one volume, paper, New York, Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, publishers, Philadelphia, Peterson & Brothers. These two fine novels by the lively and agreeable young English author, are here presented at a cheap rate, and in admirable form for mailing all over the country, even to the remotest reader. They are presented in good style, superior to the average of pamphlet novels. Wilkie Collins is one of the most promising in the band of young British authors who are just now springing up, and spreading out a reputation. His style is characterized by thrilling intensity, and his diction is remarkably pure and well-sounding. While dealing in startling effects he never sacrifices to them the correctness of a good style, or the unity of his plots. Twenty thousand copies of *The Dead Secret* have already been sold. *Hide and Seek*, though a newer novel, is stepping along in the style of its predecessor.

In our last book-article we had the pleasure of directing the reader's attention to the uniformly excellent and well-sustained Southern periodical, *Russell's Magazine*, published by Russell & Co., at Charleston, S. C. Since that time the March number has appeared, completing the second volume, and carrying the enterprise through the first year of its existence. Its success may now be considered assured, provided its friends come up boldly at the outset of the new volume; a capital beginning, by the way, for as many new friends to take earnest hold as the well known liberality of the South can provide. No magazine is really safe without the continued and earnest aid we have suggested. Let the South look to it that Russell has it, full and running over. We have that faith in the editors and publishers to believe that the better they are sustained, and the greater their means become, the surer will they establish a periodical that will be a credit not merely to the South, but the whole country.

OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

March 17th, 1858.

"St. Patrick's day in the morning!" From this day we look for Spring, and the snakes, instead of being "stone dead entirely," will soon be crawling out to sun themselves. To be sure, this view of the coming on of warmer weather, is not the most agreeable one of which the subject is susceptible—especially to those who abide in districts where rattle-snakes and moccasins abound—but for the sake of the new springing grass, the delicate peach blossoms, the singing birds, and the myriad other beautiful things which follow in the train of Spring, we are content to take the reptiles with them, always however when in their latitude, keeping a bright look out to windward.

To talk to you of the snow melting off rapidly from our streets would perhaps excite a feeling of commiseration for us while enjoying the balmier atmosphere of your own Southern climate. But if you could only know of the merry drives to Brighton, and the exquisite pleasure of getting your toes, fingers, ears, and nose, frost-bitten while enjoying a sleigh-ride, you would appreciate that we had the laugh upon our side. And then the mulled wine, and last, not least, the "flip"—Ah, Messrs. Editors, if you have never heard the jingle of the bells and joined in the chorus, "On the road to Brighton," there is something in your life time unfinished.

Still we must confess to a liking for those soft sunny airs, and those long pleasant days which have been stamped upon memory as recollections of the land lying South of Mason & Dixon's, and often through the blinding snow, we have looked in fancy towards the clime, "where trailing mosses in mid air waved like banners which hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals." Many a pleasant hour, many a kindly word, and many a never-to-be-forgotten friendship have endeared the South to us, telling us strongly of its noble characteristics. Demagogues may rant—misplaced preachers may whine, let but the people of our glorious confederacy understand each other, and their insane and hypocritical ravings are in vain.

Our theatres and places of amusement are experiencing a revival of business incident to the season, and our streets are filled with gaily dressed butterflies—ladies we mean—who to all appearance neither toil nor spin, but yet are arrayed in most comely and costly apparel. Well, we are not of the sort who dislike to see the fair creatures adorned. As soon would we endeavor to rob the lily of its gorgeous hues or the rose of its perfume, as to take aught from the attractions of the fair ones.

Our most extensive Music Publishing House is that of Oliver Ditson & Co. in Washington Street. Their publications are of the best, and it is worth many days travel to view the extensive stock of Instruments and Music contained in their large granite building.

Health and prosperity to the Times.

Yours truly, PROPELLER.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

The "Grand Turk"—Com. Perry—Revival—Gamblers—Mayor—Medical Graduates—Lord Palmerston—Business—Death Penalty, the poor "Negro" in the North—Weather—Chronological Notes on N. C.—Steamer Niagara—Ocean Telegraph.

"THE GRAND TURK" has come, has gone and the city still lives! He arrived like a thief, in one sense—"in the night"—was lionised, hauled round in a coach drawn by four large black mules; visited the Mayor and Common Council, the Navy Yard, Blackwell's and Ward's Islands, the theatres; was feasted and "fared sumptuously every day" at the St. Nicholas—which he pronounces a better hotel than any in Europe; and remarked, that he thought he would have known "*the Lord Mayor*" anywhere in the street if he had met him, but he looked *just like another man*! (having neither horns nor a long tail.) Upon the whole, he is a decent "Turk," has good sense and manners, and "*passed off well.*"

The death and burial of Commodore Perry was a marked feature of our city proceedings, which every few weeks are distinguished for some excitable or melancholy events. He was buried immediately in the rear of my residence, and the solemn tread and muffled drum, accompanied by an immense concourse of all classes of persons, showed that he was not lightly esteemed by his countrymen, whom he had long and faithfully served—in peace and war; but now the church yard willow weeps over him, and the brave and chivalrous man "*sleeps his last sleep,*"

"No sound shall awake him to glory again."

The "REVIVAL" mends in interest and the number in attendance, and makes now a part of the daily reports of nearly all the papers; indeed, it has not only become wonderful and useful, but *fashionable*, and the fashions carry everything before or with them here; yet there has never been anything like it known in this city or country. The reports received here, which are reliable, show that twenty thousand conversions are reported from various parts of the country *weekly!* Men of all classes and conditions are its subjects, and churches are open in this city morning noon and night, and filled with attentive hearers; even the Universalist churches have come into the daily prayer meeting system. There is no opposition except from "*The Churchman*" and the Catholic papers: these brand it as "fanatical" and spasmodic," "worldly, sensual and devilish."

The Policy Dealers and Gamblers meet no favor with the present mayor, who seems determind to root out the whole fraternity, and bids fair to do it.

Three hundred and six students have just graduated in medicine here; among them, in the N. Y. University, are twenty from N. C.; twelve from Georgia; six from Virginia; ten from S. C., etc. etc.

The overthrow of Lord Palmerston was hailed with pleasure by many, and regretted by others. The revival spirit seems to have crossed the Atlantic and is following up the "panic."

Business, thus far, is falling *far short* of what was expected by persons who were not at all sanguine. Customers are scarce and orders exceedingly small.

The "*death penalty*" has no terror to evil doers in this city. Young Rogers has got a new trial, and that is the same as an acquittal. Now we have in our midst: Baker for killing Poole, Malame Cunningham for killing Dr. Burdell, Canceni for killing officer Anderson Rogers for killing Swanson; three of these were the most open, fiendish and brutal murders ever committed, and the fourth had all the concomitants of horror about it; one in a grog shop, one in the open street, one in a private parlor and one on a thoroughfare; one victim fell while walking with his wife, one while discharging his duties as a sworn officer of the laws, one while sitting at his table, and one while trying hard to avoid any difficulty; yet these murderers will soon all walk our streets, with their blood-stained hands unmolested! The only case of justice by hanging, was a poor, besotted, raving, friendless "*negro,*" who had just come ashore from the West Indies, and was found under very suspicious circumstances just after a murder in a *brothel*. *He was hung!* Suppose these cases to have occurred in Charleston or Raleigh! The "shriekers" and "philanthropists" North would not have recovered from it for the next ten years! But here, a note is not made of it! A vessel was scuttled and sunk in the East River some time since, a *negro* was scented up, dragged from point to point, and *hung!* Thus are "Negroes" treated among their "Northern friends!"

The weather is now beautiful, after a fine five inch snow, which fell last week, but is now nearly gone.

Mr. D. K. Bennett, of N. C., will soon have in press here a *chronological* work embracing a concise history of men and things in N. C., which will be very useful as a reference to past events, especially from 1775 down to this date.

The Niagara left on Saturday week, to renew the great Telegraph experiment across the ocean. The vessels this time commence in mid ocean and go both ways lessening the time and distance one half.

Yours, M.

FATAL HOAX.—A Sheffield (England) paper says that a gentlemen in that town has received a letter from a friend in Northampton, containing the following:

"A singular circumstance happened at our union last week. For some misconduct, the master had put a boy for punishment in the dead house. At that time there was a corpse in the 'dead ward' in the coffin. The boy took the corps out of the coffin, dressed it in his own clothes propped it up against the wall, and then himself got into the coffin, lay down and covered himself over. In the course of a short time the master came, looked in at the door and saw, as he thought, a sulky lad standing against the wall. 'Now,' said the master, 'do you want any supper?' There was no answer. The question was repeated, with the same result.—The boy looked out from the coffin and said, 'if he won't have any, I will.' The master fled under terror, and received such a shock that it is said he has since died from the effects."

THE BUSY WORLD.

TRIAL OF GEN. TWIGGS.—A court-martial for the trial of Major General Twiggs, on charges preferred by the War Department, will assemble at Newport Barracks, Kentucky, on the 10th of April. He is accused of insubordination, in censuring the War Department for its strictures on his official course.

THE DEAD OF THE ELIZA BATTLE.—The Montgomery Ala, *Confederation* of the 18th says the Captain of the ill-fated steamer *Eliza Battle*, revisited, a few days ago, the scene of her distruction, in hopes of discovering the bodies of the lost who were unaccounted for. He succeeded in finding the remains of Rev. A. M. Newman, of Kentucky; Dr. S. H. Jones, of Greene county, Alabama; a child of B. Cromwell, of Warsaw, Alabama; T. J. Matthews, of Yazoo City, and of three others, who had been employed on the boat. On the body of Rev. Mr. Newman was found $5,300; on that of Dr. Jones $1,400; the coat of L. Y. Morton contained $9,000 in drafts. It is fortunate for the families of the lost that this discovery was made.

EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES:—According to the official list, the total number of deaths by the earthquake at Naples on the 16th of December last, was 9,350, and the total number of wounded, 1,359. At Montemurro alone, 5,000 persons were killed by the falling of houses.

SENATOR ORR, of S. C:—We find in the Anderson (South Carolina) *Gazette* a lengthy letter from Colonel Orr, in response to a communication addressed to him again to be a candidate for Congress at the October election. Colonel Orr acknowledges the compliment conveyed in the request, but positively declines acceding the wishes of his friends. He concludes as follows: "In discharging the arduous duties devolved on me I have been actuated by an earnest purpose to maintain your rights, guard your honor, and preserve this government, by restraining it strictly within its constitutional sphere. I have not believed that the highest test of patriotism was found in vehemence of sentiment or violence of counsel; and have consequently co-operated cordially with national men from all sections in carrying out such a policy as would best promote your interests of this great country. The prospect of retirement brings me gratification as well as regret. I have been in the whirl of political excitement long enough to covet quiet and repose; I require rest and recreation. The long neglect of my private affairs imperiously demands my presence at home. I can not longer disregard those obligations in justice to those who may rightfully claim, through the strongest and holiest ties of affection, my care and protection."

PROBABLE CLOSE OF THE FLORIDA WAR.—We have good news from Floride, with Jacksonville dates to the 11th inst. Major Rector has succeeded in inducing Billy Bowlegs, Jumper, and several of the principle men of the different bands, to come and hold a "talk." Bowlegs is disposed to emigrate, and take with him all he can influence to go. Major Rector is sanguine of success in his negotiations.

Col. Garret, Creek agent, and Mr. Johnson, are on their way to Washington city, to perfect some necessary arrangements previous to the Indians leaving Florida.

The Indians wish to see the money promised them in case of removal; to procure which is the object of Major Rector's visit.

Assinwah, the elder, is wounded. He will meet the delegation to negotiate in behalf of Sam Jones's party as soon as he can travel.

The friendly Indians, in their scouts, failed to find the hostile Indians. The latter found the white flags, and came into camp without solicitation. This fact augurs well for a favorable result.

COMMON SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK—According to the report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the whole amount expended annually for the support of common schools in the State of New York, is $3,403,139, of which nearly one half is expended in the cities. The common school system of New York is managed by one State superintendent, a deputy, and two clerks, with one hundred and eighteen local superintendents or commissioners.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.—Our readers have been apprized of the prevalence of a serious epidemic, somewhat similar to typhord fever, at the University of Virginia. Several of the students have already died and many are still sick.—Great alarm prevails amongst those remaining. A special meeting of the Board of Visitors was called some days ago to consider the subject, and if possible, adopt measures to counteract the epidemic. It was agreed to vacate rooms in which the disease originated, but it soon appeared in other departments, there being three new cases shortly afterwards. The students presented a petition to the Board requesting a suspension of the lectures, which was finally complied with, and the 1st of May designated as the date of resumption. The Board also prolonged the session until the 29th of July. For a week past, we learn that the students have been leaving rapidly, some for their homes, others taking up their abodes elsewhere, and out of 624, who were in the University at the commencement, there are only 300 left. *Richmond Whig.*

VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE:—Both branches of the Virginia Legislature have passed the bill making an appropriation of $800,000 to the Covington and Ohio railroad. The bills making appropriations of $400,000 to the Orange and Alexandria, $300,000 to the Alexandria, Loudoun, and Hampshire; $250,000 to the Manassas Gap, and $250,000 to the Norfolk and Petersburg railroads, have all passed the House, and no doubt is entertained that they will pass the Senate. The Senate have passed the act incorporating the Norfolk and Nazaire Navigation Company. It is generally believed that the Legislature will consult the views of the banks rather than the wishes of the people in regard to the resumption of specie payments. The Legislature will probably adjourn the last of this month.

ARRESTED.—The runaway negro Peter who shot and killed Mr. Chas. W. Nixon, near Wilmington, some time last week, while attempting to arrest him has been taken and lodged in the Wilmington jail.

RECEPTION OF THE TURKISH HIGH ADMIRAL.—The interview between the President and the Turkish High Admiral, yesterday, was very brief, but of an interesting character. The only persons present were the President and his private secretary, the Secretary of State, the Admiral and his suite, J. Hasford Smith, Hon. J. M. Cross, and E. H. Carmick, Esq., of New York.

The visitors were received by the President at 2 o'clock, having first been formally introduced to the Secretary of State. The President said that it gave him great pleasure to offer the hand of friendship and hospitality to such a distinguished officer of the Ottoman empire. He assured him of a kind and friendly greeting from all true Americans, wherever he and his suite might go. He spoke of the friendly relations existing between the two Governments, and did not doubt but this interchange of courtesies would go far to strengthen them.

The Admiral, in reply, expressed his gratitude for the kind feeling and honor shown himself and traveling companions by the chief of so great a nation. He had been directed, he said, by his Imperial Master, to be guided by the advice and direction of the President of the United States; and he desired to offer a souvenir in testimony of the high regard entertained by his Imperial Master.

During the interview, Mr. Crimick informed the Admiral that the Secretary of State was a veteran soldier as well as a statesman; that nearly fifty years ago he had met and conquered the armies of Britain, in the far West, and ever since had been prominent in the councils of the nation. The Admiral expressed much gratification with meeting one who had long been known by reputation in Turkey.

The President then invited the Admiral, his suite and those present, to dine with him on Wednesday next, and the interview was terminated.—*Washington States. 20th inst.*

THE DISTURBED CONDITION OF MEXICO.—Advices from Mexico to the 4th instant represent the country to be in a most deplorable condition, in a state of actual anarchy. The Extraordinary says that robbery succeeds robbery upon the public highways in such rapid succession that merchants will soon be forced to suspend entirely bringing goods to the capitol. It says it is almost impossible to conceive the real condition of things, much less to convey any just idea of it to persons at a distance. The Zuloaga government seems to be absolutely powerless to establish order. It had made a forced levy to secure soldiers, and for this purpose was seizing upon servants as they issue from the houses of their employers. Zuloaga, it appears, has appointed Governors to the States, districts and cities, but the appointees were utterly unable to assume their functions, and do not dare even to attempt to. The Juarez, or federal government, was at Guadalajara, and its friends report that the States of the interior are combined to overthrow that of Zuloaga. The forces of the latter, it was supposed, would soon attack the State of Vera Cruz. Two dilligence robbers were executed at Acatingo on the 18th ult. A convoy, with some $15,000 and munitions, on the way from Mexico, for the insectionists in Puebla, had been taken by the federal forces. They possessed themselves of the money and provisions, but burnt the wagons.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN ELIZABETH CITY:—A Norfolk dispatch of the 22d says a very destuctive fire occurred at Elizabeth City, N. C. to-day. A number of stores in the business part of the town were destroyed. The loss was immense. The stores of N. A. Cohen, White and Laverty, W. B. Burgess, T. D. Knox, B. T. Miller, J. C. Grundy, W. M. Shannon H. Culpepper, B. Sprewell, A. H. Clarke C. M. Laferty and others were destroyed. The Marine Hospital was also destroyed. N. A. Cohen is in jail on suspicion.

A FACT FOR NATURALISTS:—The Charlotte *Democrat* says a hog's a hard thing to kill, and that is as a fact that on the 18th of December last a drove of hogs were put in a lot for a few days. When driven out one was missing, and could be found nowhere. On last Saturday, it was found at the bottom of an unoccupied ice house on the lot, supposed to have fallen in there by rooting under the boarding.—When taken out it was alive, *but very poor.* Our informant thinks there was no possible chance for it to have gotten anything to drink for the space of nearly *three months.* There was a little wheat straw around it which probably preserved its life for so long a time.

NEW RUSSIAN VESSEL:—The new frigate Japanese, just finished at New York for the Russian Government, will start about the 1st of April. She has orders to proceed direct to China, and from thence to her station on the Amoor river, where she will be delivered up to the Russian Government. Several missionaries are going in her to China, having received permission from the Russian Minister. She is to be manned by a full complement of American officers.

ARIZONA AS A COTTON REGION.—Late investigations prove that the Territory of Arizona, rich as it is in resources, promises more from the adaptation of its soil and climate to the production of cotton than from all other elements of wealth. Gen. Gadsden, in a letter to Lieut. Maury, published in the States, enclosing a sample of cotton produced in that region, says:—

You are aware, perhaps, that the black seed Cotton hybrids, of finer qualities, which sea or salt air and superior cultivation has produced, in the Carolinas, Georgia islands, and now extending to Florida—is a native of the Gila, a river of Arizona. It is from this Cotton that the finest Mexican scrapes are manufactured. I was fortunate enough to obtain a handful of the seed from a friend at Fort Yuma, and have raised seed enough from it to restore it purely in this State. As these lower qualities of long Cotton are getting in demand, I send inclosed a sample of the Cotton as raised near this city, as it might be of interest to you and the friends of that newly acquired district, seeking to take a place in the Cotton fields as well as silver products of that mineral region.

The sample of Cotton is said to be the same in character as that described by Gray and others, as raised by the Himos Indians, and resembles the Sea Island in its fine silky texture and long staple.

Almost every body has a life worth telling, if he only knew it; that portion of it, perhaps, of which he thinks the least.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, March 25,
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.

Bacon 10¾@18; Beef 4@6; Beeswax 20; Butter 16@; Coffee 14a16, Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 50@0.00 Meal 50@0.00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 8; Feathers 40@45; Flour 4.00@4.50; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 16¾@18; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 16¾; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00, Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, March 24.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Geo. H. Kelley, Dealer in Provisions and Groceries.

Sugar, Crushed,	12		Spirits,		45
Loaf,	12		*Tar*,		1 60
C. Yellow,	9½	10	*Candles*,		23 25
A Coffee,	11	11½	Sperm,		60 00
Brown,	8	9	Tallow,		16 18
Rio,	11	12	*Cotton*,		11½ 11¾
Laguayra,	12½	13	*Salt*, Alum,		25
Java,	17	18	Sack,		75 1.00
St. Domingo,	12		*Bacon*,		13
Molasses, by hhd.,	25		*Oates*,		45
by bbl.,	27		*Corn*,		55
Cheese,	11		*Pork*,		19 20
Lard,	12½		*Mullets*,		8.00
Flour, Family,	5.75		*Mackerel*,		9.50
Super.	5.50		*Rice*,		3.50
Spts. Turpentine,	2 70		*Meal*,		70
Hard,	1.80		*Peas*,		1.20

NORFOLK MARKET, March 22.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family,	6.25a6.50	*Fluxseed*,	1.00 a
Extra	5.75a6.00	*Beeswax*,	22a25
Superfine	5.50a	*Dried Apples*, ₩ bu. of 28lbs.	1.62a1.75
Corn, Mixed a W.	58a60	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ₩ bu.	None.
Yellow	63a65		
Wheat, White.	No sale.	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	s9
Red	do.	do. Sides	10a11
Cotton,	11a11¾	N. C. a Va. Hog round,	11a12
Peas, Black Eye	1.35		
Red & Black	1.00	*Staves*, R.O. hhd.	29.00
Lard, N.C. a Va. no. 1.	12¾	W.O. pipe.	33.00
do do 2	12	do hhd.	42.00
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50	do bbl.	18a
do No 2.	11.00		
do 3.	10.00		

Business Cards.

H. C. GORRELL,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
(SUCCESSOR TO A. STARRETT,)
CAN BE FOUND AT
Starrett's old stand, Garrett's building.
February, 1858.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
Attorney & Counsellor, at Law,
(3833tf) LOCKPORT, NIAGARA COUNTY, N. Y.

J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,
BERLIN, Conn.,
AGENT at the North for the Greensboro, N. C. "Times."

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 531y

H. C. FREEMAN,
WITH
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY
SILK GOODS,
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.
1856. 2-1y

K. M. MURCHISON,
Commission Merchant,
No. 104 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK.
USUAL ADVANCES ON CONSIGNMENTS.
(102::6m)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
☞ Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL,
Land Agent,
Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.
Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,
(65::1y:) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
MANUFACTURER OF MONUMENTS,
Tombs, Head-Stones, &c.,
AT REDUCED PRICES,
4 doors North of the court house,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

MANTUA-MAKING.
MRS. CRITTENDEN & SISTER are now prepared to do all kinds of work, connected with the Mantua-making business, in the latest and best style. They are also prepared to make, trim, and bleach Bonnets. A trial is all that is asked to warrant entire satisfaction. Residence on Greene street, opposite the Old Factory.
Jan. 15, 1858. (105.1y)

JACOB T. BROWN
Attorney at Law,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,
Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Chees, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c
References.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleigh; J. & F. Garr ti, David McKnight, of Greensborough 8:1y.

LAMPS.
A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Dr

THE TIMES

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1858.

EDITORS.
C. C. COLE AND J. W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.
ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year.....$ 2.00
6 Copies " 10.00
10 " " 15.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro' N. C.

CAUTION:—Perhaps no one branch of trade is more subjected to fraud and swindling than the advertising department of a newspaper. And the publisher is not the only sufferer, or it were not half so bad. The plan of operation is for some scoundrel (we dislike to use such a harsh word in our paper, but the circumstances will not admit of a milder expression) gets up a circular as "United States and Canada Advertising Agency," sends it out to all the newspapers throughout the country, with the request to insert the accompanying advertisement (often as great a swindling as the Advertising Agency) and to charge the "Agency." And this is the last of it. Perhaps the advertisement is worth $50, but it matters not with the "Agency," the more the better; and if the advertisement is a swindling institution, then the community comes in largely for a share in the losses.

We have advice to give to both parties; first, for no publisher to insert an advertisement outside of his immediate known customers, without cash in advance, and not then if he has good reason to believe the advertisement is a swindle; and second to the reader, put no faith in wonderful promises unless you have the utmost confidence in the advertising medium, and especially where payment is required in advance.

The above remarks will explain to H. S. Schell, of New York, why we do not insert the "Golden Prize." We believe the "Agency" is a swindle and the "Golden Prize" a near relative.

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON:—The "Waif" has failed to come to hand this week, before going to press, which we feel as a great loss, for ANGUS writes with such an easy pen, we follow him through his column without note of time. But it can't be his fault; he is as regular as a clock, and the failure must be in the want of mail connection some where. We also failed to receive the Norfolk Market report, due the same mail.

FINE ENGRAVINGS:—J. M. Edney, Esqr., of New York, has sent us the past week several large and fine engravings of Western North Carolina scenery. They embrace the town of Asheville, Mitchell's Falls and Hickory Nut Falls. The scenery is both beautiful and sublime, and with a little imagination might make one feel *cool* in the long, hot days of August. Mr. Edney deserves much credit for his illustration of North Carolina scenery; and we have no doubt their pictures will turn many pleasure seekers fleeing from the heat of city marts, into our delightful mountain retreats.

N. C. PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHY:—A few weeks since our New York correspondent noticed a forth coming work on North Carolina by a gentleman now in New York, formerly a citizen of this State. In some portions of the state, the press has been inclined to disparage the work, because one Livingston in former years duped a few of our prominent lawyers, by soliciting biographical sketches for publication in his "Law Magazine" and then charging them immense sums for publishing the same. The insinuation is made that this new publisher may be another Livingston.

We are inclined to beleive this is great injustice to the promised work, for by reliable private information we are informed of the publisher; and he is a gentleman above suspicion. The work will no doubt be an honor to the old North State, and present her sons, "plain and artless" in their true native manliness,

"How like the rudeness of their dear native mountains,
With rich ore in their bosoms, and life in their fountains."

We learn that the work will be issued in 25 numbers, each number containing 4 fine portraits, accompanied with a biographical sketch of at least 4 pages to each; thus furnishing in the whole 100 sketches of our more prominent men with true life like portraits of each and some four or five hundred pages of reading matter. We wish the work much success.

Edwin Forrest, the great tragedian, it is stated, was "converted" under the revival influence raging in Philadelphia, last week.

Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D.D.

A recent New York correspondent of the Richmond *Whig* pays the following compliment to this gentleman:

"Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D.D., one of the most remarkable men I have ever known, is hard at work on his new volume of History of North-Carolina. I repeat it, Dr. Hawks is most certainly, a remarkable man. How he can possibly find time to write anything in the shape of solid history is surprising to all who know him. Imagine an author seated at his table in the deep seclusion of his study, remote from the accoustomed walk of the house, and secure from intrusion, except through his family servants, deeply engaged in an intricate and difficult point, which has probably puzzled the brains of many before him. In the very midst of his profoundest study, a call comes, which will take no excuse, no evasion, no put-off.—In less than an hour, another comes; in five minutes, another; in half an hour, still another, and so goes the day. And as goes this day, so goes to-morrow, and the next, and the next! They are his parishioners, and will not be put off!—What can any man do under such circumstances? Dr. Hawks is eminently a literary man; he is a close student, and profound thinker, or he could never accomplish one twentieth part of that which he does so well. His Japan Expedition is a colossal monument to his name. I saw him the other day, an hour before he went to administer the last sad offices to his departed friend, the late Com. Perry. He spoke eloquently and impressively of his association with, and admiration of, the man. I regard Dr. Hawks, as altogether the most profound student in American History, that this, or any other country, has ever produced. If it were not robbing the Church, I would rejoice to see this eminent divine transplanted into an appropriate Chair of History, in either the University of Virginia, whither my heart yearningly turns, or to old Yale, or Harvard. This would be a field fitted to the display of his splended acquirements. Bye the way, is it not discreditable that we have not a single Chair of American History in all our Universities and Colleges, combined?"

We learn, that Dr. Hawks has written the second volume of his history of North Carolina, and that it will be put to press as soon as he can visit this state to transact some business connected with it. Of his visit, the Fayetteville Observer says:

We are happy to state that this distinguished North Carolinian has consented to deliver in this town his Lecture on the Farewell Address of Washington, which he recently delivered before the Historical Society of New York, under the title of "Old America to Young America." It having been ascertained that the Reverend gentleman will soon be in this State on business connected with his History, several of our citizens united in an application to him to visit this place, to which he has signified his very cheerful assent. The proceeds will be devoted, we believe, to the Mount Vernon Fund. Due notice will be given of the time and place.

Letter from Mr. Fillmore.

The following letter, eloquent, patriotic and union loving, was written by Mr. Fillmore in reply to an invitation to be present at the inauguration of the equestrian statue of Washington, in Richmond, Va., on the 22d of February, ult. The letter, brief as it is, contains a beautiful tribute to the memory of Washington, an earnest warning to his fellow citizens, and an eloquent appeal for the maintenance of the Union, for whose establishment so many sacrifices were made by the great "Father of his Country."

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1858.

Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th ult., inviting me to be present at the elevation of the statue of Washington to its position on the "*Virginia Washington Monument*," in the city of Richmond, on the 22d day of February, inst., and regret exceedingly that my engagements are such as to deprive me of the pleasure of accepting your invitation.

Your State is justly entitled to great credit for erecting this noble monument to her peerless son as a tribute of gratitude to his memory. But the fame of Washington is more enduring than monumental brass, or sculptured marble; and when that proud pile of granite shall have crumbled to dust, and that beautiful bronze statue with which it is crowned shall be exhibited as an ancient relic in some future museum, the name of Washington will shine with increased lustre on the brightest page of his country's history. Surely, then, nothing which I could do or say could add to this undying fame; but, nevertheless, I should rejoice to testify, by my presence on this interesting occasion, my deep veneration and profound respect for the character of Washington.

Perhaps there was never a time when his unselfish example and prophetic warnings were of more importance to the country than now. That Union which he sacrificed so much to establish is threatened; that warning which he left as a paternal legacy to his country is slighted, and a growing discontent, north and south, cannot fail to create anxiety in the breast of every true patriot.

At a time like this, I should rejoice to meet my countrymen from all parts of this wide-spred republic, at the Monument of Washington reared by his own native State, and there, upon that sacred alter, as children of our revolutionary sires, pledge for ourselves "*our lives and our sacred honors*," to maintain this government, and to frown indignantly upon the first dawning of any attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

I beg of you, gentlemen, to accept my grateful thanks for the honor you have done me by deeming me worthy of an invitation to be present on this interesting occasion; and permit me to subscribe myself, your friend and fellow-citizen,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

RAILROAD SUBSCRIPTION.—The County Court of Rutherford has again ordered an election to be held on the proposition to make a County subscription to the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad. $60,000 is the amount proposed this time. The polls are to be opened on the first Thursday in May.

Leisure Readings;

OR

A few of the best things

WE FIND IN

Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

Notwithstanding it is more difficult to *practice* than to *theorize*, yet it may not be altogether unprofitable to introduce lessons of practical utility occasionally, as some may dare to do right for the sake of right, even at the sacrifice of mere promptings of the feelings. We are *animals*, it is true, yet we belong to the species that profess to be governed by reason, and not by mere feeling or instinct. Hence, a conclusion, the result of correct propositions, should always be the basis of action. With this understanding, we feel confident much good may result from the following considerations, in the March number of the *Disciple's Advocate*, discussing the popular question,

What is he or she worth?

This is the watchword of the present age. Does a stranger make his or her appearance in a city, town, or neighborhood, immediately the question goes round, what is he worth? What is she worth? Is he or she rich? How much land, horses, mules, and negroes does he or she own? Is it reported that a gentleman is addressing a lady, immediately the question is raised, Is he rich? Is she wealthy? Thus men and women give unmistakable proofs, that mammon is the god they worship. Fathers, mothers, and interested friends, make sale of their daughters and relations in some such way as they do their slaves, houses, horses, and lands —*to the highest bidder!* Is there any difference in the *principle?* Is not the great object to make the *best bargain*, in all these cases, that can be made? The *matrimonial market* is one vast *auction-room*, and very often a "mock-auction" at that, where females are sold to the highest bidder, without regard to the *character* of the purchaser. If the bidder has wealth, he, of course, has character! Money covers a multitude of sins! The rake is a clever fellow, if he has money. The drunkard is a nice man, if he has money. Parents and daughters will hazard the "die," and throw themselves into the fearful current—*for money!* Do you wonder we should have so many unhappy marriages? So many husbands and wives *self divorced?* And so many *legally* divorced? They marry for wealth, and, when it is too late, find they have wedded gilded misery, white-washed anguish and polished vice. Strip the whole thing of its gilded trappings, and it is a "whited sepulchre, full of rottenness and dead men's bones."

"They that *will* be rich, fall into a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which *drown* men in destruction and perdition, and pierce themselves through with many sorrows." This oracle is true in general, and particularly true with reference to the point now before us. They buy at a market which very often proves to be a "*mock auction*," and find to their sorrow, that they are miserably cheated! They pierce themselves through and through with many sorrows. This is no "*Novel* story,' founded on *fiction*; but the real and substantial truth, which ten thousand bleeding hearts, broken vows, burning tears, domestic broils, and *worse* than orphan children can and do attest.

What means the spectacle so often presented to the observer? Why so many *practically* divorced men and women? Because, often times, they married demons in the shape of men. The parents negotiated a *bargain*, a good bargain as they thought; but, alas! they have sold their tender and lovely offspring to a *worse* than Turkish master. *But he was rich!* True, he was licentious, and they knew it; but he was rich! True, he drank to inebriety; but he was rich! This was the gilded bait that caught the eyes, and charmed the hearts of the *covetous* parents, and the daughter, though, perchance, she had given her heart to honest poverty, piety, intelligence, and virtue, must be immolated on the altar of mammon. What is he worth? Ah! and what is *she now* worth? A broken heart, a shattered constitution, worn down by corroding cares, and cankering sorrow. What is *she* worth? Ask the emaciated form, the wan countenance, the pallid cheek, the sunken eye, aching heart, the heaving, oppressed bosom; those bitter sighs, and those burning tears; and they will tell a tale of woe, sufficient to "turn the cheek of darkness pale."

And what is he worth? Perhaps he is still rich, but what is *he worth?* What was he ever worth? Nothing, and less than nothing? Worth is not estimated in dollars and cents, houses and lands. Many rich men (and ladies) are worth nothing. They are wanting in every attribute of character that gives value to man or woman. What are they *worth?* What good have they done? They live for self alone. Self is the centre and circumference of all their aims and objects. They are often morally and mentally bankrupt.

But who asks the question, in reference to man or woman, is he honest? Is he sober, moral industrious, and intelligent? Very few indeed! These articles are not in market or, if they are they are not in demand, and, consequently, are "*below par!*" *Ignorance* and *wealth* are often courted, while *virtue, intelligence and poverty* are slighted.

Wealth is not to be despised; but there is at present, in thousands of cases, a *mono-mania* on the subject. And those who have wealth, instead of using it as the stewards of God consume it on their lusts; and their march to hell is like the splendid pageantry and gilded trappings of a funeral procession. All, all are the symbols of death! How few rich men or women leave behind them any lasting monuments of good. And if the question be asked, what have they done? No monuments of public beneficence, or private charity are left to speak their praise. All that can be said of them, is, *they lived and died.* Their children, *uneducated*, in the proper sense of that word, soon, prodigal-like, squander all their patrimony, and the third or fourth generation is poor, profligate, and unknown! Such is the course of *mammonmania.*

We have known a number of families, who, for the purpose of keeping their property in the family, married and intermarried, cousins with cousins, until they were all a set of miserable, congenital idiots. And we knew one family, who, for, the aforesaid purpose, intermarried with near relations until there was not one left to tell the sad story of their despicable folly. How few distinguished men spring from rich families! Not one in a thousand! And why is this? One reason is already assigned—and we here repeat it: *Rich families very often intermarry with relations.* This is the secret. It is a blighting curse on the offspring, and has a depreciating and degenerating influence on the community.

Parents, who pay more regard to laying up wealth for their children, than to the proper education of the *heart* and *head*, are doing an infinite injury to their offspring, and inflicting a deep wrong on the community.

And she, who has a higher regard for wealth in the selection of a companion, than she has to moral purity and intelligence, sells herself for a mean price. She places her purity, morality, intelligence, and happiness on a *par* with gold-dust. She rates herself by far too low.

Canova's Washington.

A gentleman of Charleston S. C. has recently prepared several Art items for the *Courier*, and thinking it may not prove uninteresting to our readers at the present time, we copy the following account of the statue of Washington, by Canova, which was destroyed by fire at Raleigh, in the summer of 1831.

The Legislature of North Carolina, at its session in 1815, adopted a Resolution requesting the Governor to procure a full length statue of Washington, to be placed in the Capitol of the State. The Governor, in compliance therewith, opened a correspondence with many distinguished persons in our country in regard to the most suitable artist to execute this great work, and determined on the recommendation of Mr. Jefferson and others, in favor of Canova, who was then resident at Rome. Mr. Thomas Appleton, then (1816) U. S. Consul at Leghorn, a gentleman of refined and cultivated taste in the arts, consented to negotiate with Canova, who was reluctant to undertake the commission on account of the great demand on his genius and labor from other sources; and finally consented only from his high admiration of the character of Washington.

Mr. Appleton was in possession of an original cast of Washington, by Cerrecchi an Italian artist, taken in 1795 which he sent to Canova at Rome, and which served as a model in the execution of the work. As a resemblance in feature, the statue was not generally thought to be very exact; but from one or two points of view, those who had been acquainted with the original, considered it quite accurate. The sum agreed to be paid to Canova, through Mr. Appleton, was ten thousand dollars. The pedestal, about six feet in height, white marble, representing in bas-relief upon its sides four events in the life of Washington, was by Trentanova, a distinguished pupil of Canova.—These scenes were—"Washington at the Plough, with oxen;" his "Inauguration as President of the United States;" the "Resignation of his Commission as General in Chief of the Army;" and the "Surrender of Cornwallis." The statue was shipped to Boston in the U. S. vessel Columbus, under the immediate care of Commodore Bainbridge, thence to Wilmington, N. C., and was received at Raleigh in November, 1821. It was placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol, where it remained, the admiration of all lovers of art, until its destruction, with the building, by fire, in June, 1831.

The remains of the statue, after being some years exposed to the weather, were placed in a small room of the present Capitol. Though the head and each of the limbs are broken off, there yet remains a sufficiency of the fragments to give an idea of this most admirable work. A part of the drapery, which was exquisitely finished, had suffered apparently but little from calcination, and is yet almost perfect.

The costume was that of a Roman Senator, seated, holding in his left hand a tablet, and in his right, which was elevated, a stylus, representing the great patriot in the act of composing his Farewell Address to the American people. "General Washington," says a writer of that period, "is represented sitting, clad in a Roman military dress; the tunic covered by an ample ornamental cuirass; above this is a magnificent mantle fastened by a clasp on the right shoulder, and flowing down behind in majestic folds. Beneath the right foot, which is extended forward, is a parazonium sheathed, and a sceptre, signifying that the successful termination of the war and the establishment of law had rendered them now useless. The hero is in the act of writing on a tablet held in his left hand and resting on the thigh, which is slightly raised for its support; in the right he holds the pen with a suspended air, as if anxiously meditating on the laws best fitted to promote the happiness of his countrymen."

The loss of this statue is the more to be regretted, as we are under the impression that it is the only production of this talented artist, which has come to our country.

The Prize Stories.

The beautiful story, "Stray Waif" is concluded in this number. The writer has given us a narration of thrilling interest. Our daily letters are full of praise.

One more of the Prize Stories. Next week will be commenced—"REGINALD'S REVENGE; OR THE RED AND REPROOF," by Miss S. J. C. Whittlesy. As in the commencement of the two former stories, we ask our readers to follow this story to the end, and then make up their judgment as to its merit.

A few copies of the *Times*, the back numbers containing the two prize Stories published, yet on hand. New subscribers can be supplied. A modest hint that we still take in new subscribers when they present themselves with the passage fare $2.

POSTAGE ON THIS PAPER.—We give below the postage on this paper, pre paid quartery at the office of delivery:

When mailed to any office in the *county* where the paper is published and printed, free; any office within the State, 3½ cts per quarter; any office without the State, 6½ cts, per quarter.

When not paid in advance, double the above rates should be charged. Papers to California and Oregon are charged the same rates.

SNOW IN THE SOUTH:—It is said that recently snow has fallen to such a depth in South Carolina as to detain the cars on their trip from Columbia to Charleston.

REMOVAL OF JUDGE LORING.—When fanatics work against reason, they deserve to be treated with the severest language. Of the removal of Judge Loring from office by Gov. Banks, by the request of the Massachusetts Legislature, composed principally of Black Republicans, the *Wilmington* Herald uses language severe, but within bounds. It says:

So this deed of infamy has at last been accomplished. He had been guilty of no crime, no misdemeanor or malfeasance in office; but had simply executed a law of Congress—had discharged his duty faithfully and fearlessly. The case was the celebrated one of the fugitive Burns, who, by the decision of the Judge, was restored to his owner in despite of the menaces and howls of the abolitionists and free-soilers throughout the State. From that day to the present time, that party have been unceasing in their endeavors to affect his removal, and have at last succeeded—their efforts have been crowned with success; but the fair fame of that ancient Commonwealth is sadly dimmed, and a foul blot rests upon her escutcheon. What a humiliating contrast does she now present to her position at the time when Daniel Webster held her up to the gaze of the world, and exultingly exclaimed "Massachusetts needs no eulogium from me; there she stands, look at her." Her glory departed, when he, her last and greatest statesman, disappeared from earth. We are not at all surprised, however, at this proceeding on the part of the Massachusetts Legislature. What better could be expected from a party who send such men as Sumner and Wilson to represent the State in the United States Senate, and elect a creature like Banks to the chair once graced by a Hancock?

JAPAN.

An important movement is going on in Japan. Previous to the expedition of Commodore Perry, from the United States, the immense population of Japan was entirely cut off from the rest of the world, except a very restricted and degraded provision with the Dutch. Commodore Perry's commission, however, proved successful and a treaty was stipulated, allowing the United States certain privileges of trade, very liberal in their nature, considering the previous exclusive policy.

But it stops not here. Japan is convinced of her error of exclusiveness, and is now opening *all* her ports, not only to the United States, but also to all of Europe. She likewise grants a free exercise of religion to the Dutch, and the practice of obliging them to trample on the cross of Christ is abolished forever. They will also be allowed to bring their wives and children with them to Japan.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., of Philadelphia, have lately published in two volumes, 8 vo., "The Bench and Bar of Georgia," by STEPHEN MILLER, whose prospectus was noticed in our columns during the progress of the work. The volumes contain sketches of thirty two persons, more or less distinguished in the judicial history of Georgia, including BERRIEN, FORSYTH, EARLY, and other citizens of note in the political field.

FROM UTAH—A St. Louis dispatch of Monday says:

"Mr. Hartwell, Secretary of the Territory of Utah, has arrived here. He left the camp January 26th, when the troops were in a comfortable condition and in excellent health, there being only four deaths since the arrival of the command. It was thought the entrance to the valley would be made by another route, one hundred miles longer, but offering no obstructions of any magnitude. The principal Utah Indians had been to the camp, and gave assurance of the peaceful intentions of the Indians towards the Americans. Mr. Hartwell met with no snow, and the appearance of grass was expected at an unusually early period."

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE:—A dispatch from Boston says:

"A motion to refer the Governor's message removing Judge Loring to a select committee led to an exciting discussion between Messrs. Cushing, of Newburyport, and Andrews, of Boston; the former denouncing the consummated act as the triumph of monomaniacs and fanatics, and the latter defending it as the just act of the Executive, which will be hailed with gladness from one end of the State to the other. No question on the reference was taken."

NEW LINE STEAMERS:—A company has been formed at the South, under a charter from Alabama, for establishing a line of steamers from Mobile to ports on the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea. The object of the company is to convey emigrants to Nicaragua; and San Juan, it is thought, will be the chief Nicaraguan port. The steamers are to commence running on the first of June

GREAT TIME IN NEWBERN.—The citizens of Newbern, on the 29th of April, are going to have a grand celebration over the completion of the N. C. and A. Railroad. We learn from the "Union" that $2,000 have been subscribed, and extensive preparations are making for the event.

EXECUTION AT JACKSONVILLE, ALA.—Larkin Bramlet was hung at Jacksonville, on Friday the 5th inst., for the murder of a man named Obannon, in Cherokee county in the year 1853.

TENNESSEE LEGISLATURE.—The Nashville *Union* says that it seems to be understood that the Legislature will bring its session to a close on the 22d inst.

MARYLAND:—The Legislature has adjourned. All the bank bills and many important internal improvements and general education bills were lost. Among them was one authorizing the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Co. to issue bonds to the amount of $5,000,000.

GIPSY OPERATIONS.—The Mayor of Richmond, Va., has received a letter from David Barlow, of Edgecombe county, N. C., informing him that a number of gipsies had camped near his plantation for several days, and that when they left they enticed off a mulatto woman named Jane whose whereabouts has not been heard of since. We learn that a company is now camping near Graham, in this State, and may be the same. It might be well to watch them.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April is received. Judging merely by the captions of the articles, without having time to read them, it has the appearance of being an interesting number. The articles The Hundred Days, The Catacombs of Rome, and Mr. Buchanan's Administration, will of themselves make an interesting and valuable number—if they sustain the subjects. Besides a variety of other articles, embracing two novels one perhaps a little mixed with *love* to make it true to life, the other of a tragical order, located among the London Theives. Terms $3 a year, or with the *Times* at $4. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

THE WILSON WEEKLY LEDGER is the name of a new paper started in Wilson, in this State, the third number of which has been received. It is decidedly a very sprightly paper well edited. We wish it may have much success and do much good in the locality for which it is intended, and if patronised it will do good in any locality. Terms $2 a year.

PRIVATE CORNER.

J. WOODRUFF LEWIS: "The Gambler's Doom; a Story of New Orleans," is well written and is a thrilling sketch. Your short sketches are admirable and take well.....R. F. OSGOOD: Literary reviews, as you make upon the poems of Ossian, are espicially acceptable, because they instruct while they entertain. The present article is well written, and we shall be pleased to hear from you again. .....MRS. E. C. L.: The "Gossip" gives a good lesson, and the "Leaf from the life of a Bachelor" has much human nature in it and is quite amusing for the "Private Corner" has very vivid recollections of a "Sleigh Ride."....J. P. LUNSFORD: Your remarks upon "Poets and Poetry" are good. We like the sentiments. Too many rhymes are forced upon the newspaper editor, and it is sometimes a dilicate question for him to decide which is best, to force the third rate rhyme upon the public, or to offend the writer. There are nice points of decision in every profession.....MISS MARY W. JANVRIN: Your Story is very good; and to your letter we will reply immediately.....F. W. M.: "Look before you Leap" is filed for as early an appearance as we can make room for it. It should teach Young America a good lesson of prudence and forethought.

Perhaps it may not be wanting in modesty, if we occasionally extract a paragraph of commendation from our private correspondence, especially if they are stored away in a "Private Corner." A member of the Virginia Bar writes—"*The Times* has steadily improved in my estimation, until I have come to hail its appearance each week with as much pleasure as I would hail the appearance of a long absent friend. I fully agree with you that the people of the South ought to support Southern Literary papers instead of sending to the North for reading matter. I am as much opposed to sending North for books and papers, as to sending Southern youth to the North to be educated."

A gentleman writing from Washington city says:

"I am very much pleased with your paper, and in one particular *very* especially; and that is, its free from from taking any part in political questions. I heartily subscribe to your words—"Were we of the South more conversant with you of the North, and you of the North with us of the South, designing politicians would soon find one of their strongest pillars for personal promotion decayed;" for I myself am from the North, and I have always experienced good treatment and regard from those people of the South in whose company I have been thrown."

North Western Home Journal Office, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 7, 1856.

Messrs. Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston,—Gentlemen: Your *Oxygenated Bitters* should be better known in the Western Country, for we have among us thousands who are suffering from Dyspepsia. I feel that I am indebted to your Bitters for my recovery from this awful disease. My habits at this time were sedentary; and my complaint was aggravated by too close confinement. I despaired of relief, and considered myself a hopeless dyspectic. I concluded to try the Oxygenated Bitters, and a wise conclusion it proved to be. I have taken in all, four bottles, and I am cured. Although rather a small man, my present weight is 160 pounds. Your Bitters need only to be known to have a very extensive sale in this section of the country. Respectfully, &c.,

J. B. MERWIN, Editor Journal.

COMMON SCHOOLS.—THE BOARD OF SUPERINTENDENTS of Common Schools for Guilford County are hereby notified to meet, at the Clerk's office, in Greensborough, on Saturday, the 3d day of April, for the purpose of choosing a Chairman in place of E. W. Ogburn, deceased. It is important that this matter be promptly attended to.

LYNDON SWAIM, C.C.C.,
and Clerk of the Board.

March 20, 1858. 115:2ws.

DAILY CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.—The undersigned propose to issue, during the approaching General Conference at Nashville, Tenn., a Daily Journal, in which the proceedings of that body will be published.

Those who desire to subscribe will furnish their names immediately: or, they may give to the delegates their names and the cash.

Terms: $1. No paper will be forwarded without the cash in advance.

The first number will be issued on Monday, the 3d of May. STEVENSON & OWEN.

115:3w

BOOKS! BOOKS!!

THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**

☞ All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK,
Surviving Partner.

March 22, 1858. (115-tf.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

On Tuesday the 16th day of April next, I shall proceed to sell, as Administrator, all the personal property belonging the estate of Edmund W. Ogburn, deceased, consisting of the following articles: *Household and Kitchen furniture*, Parlor Furniture, Piano, Sofa, Centre-Table, Chairs, Mantle Ornaments, Carpetting, &c.; FARMING TOOLS, Family Carriage (new) and Harness, 2 Bay Horses, 2 two-horse Wagons and Gear, Cows, Hogs, Hay, Straw and other articles unnecessary to mention.

On the same day, I will hire for the balance of the year FOUR NEGROES, two men, a boy and a girl.

Terms of sale six months—bond and security. JED. H. LINDSAY, *Adm'r of E. W. Ogburn, dec.*

March 22, 1858. 115:3t

CATALOGUE OF
FRESH GARDEN SEEDS,
warranted the growth of 1857, just received and for sale at the Drug Store by W. C. Porter.

Asparagus.
Giant,
Green Globe.
Beans
Early White Marrow,
" Valentine Speckl'd,
" Yellow Six Weeks,
" Large Wht. Kidney,
" White Cranberry,
Large Lima, or Butter.
Beets.
Best early Blood turnip
Extra " "
Early Yellow "
Long smooth drk blood
White Sugar.
Brocali.
Early White,
" Purple,
Cabbage.
Early York,
" Sugar Loaf
Wheresfield flat Dutch
Large flat Dutch
Late Am. drum Head
Fine drum head Savoy
Red Dutch for pickling
Cauliflower.
Early London
Large late Asiatic
Carrott.
Long Orange
Large white field
Celery.
White Solid
New Silver Giant
Curled Pepper Grass
Cucumber.
Early Frame
" Russian
" Cluster
London long Green
Extra lg. green Turkey
Gherkin for pickling
Early Sugar Corn.
Egg Plant.
Early long purple
Large Purple
Lettuce.
Early cualed Silesia
Early white Cabbage
Ice Head
" Cos

Melons.
Mountain Sweet
Citron for preserves
Large Musk
Canteloupe
Mustard.
White
Brown
Nasturtiums
Onion.
Extra early Red
Witherefield large Red
White Silver Skin
Red
Setts and Cloves
Okra.
Green and White
Parsley.
Plain or common
Curled or double
Wyatt's Garnishing
Long smooth Parsnip
Peas.
J R & Co's extra early
Extra early May
Radish.
Red Turnip Root
Long white Summer
Rhubarb.
Wyatt's Victoria
Squash.
White bush Scallop
Early bush Summer
Crock Neck
Lima Coconnut
Sweet Potato
Tomato.
J R & Co's extra large Red
Large Red
" Yellow
Turnip.
Early flat Dutch
Long Eng Norfolk
" White flat
Sweet Herbs.
Sage
Sweet Majoram
Lavendar
Rosemary
Lemon Balm
Flower Seeds.

February, 1858. W. C. PORTER.

FRANGIPANI, AN ETERNAL Perfume. The perfume bearing the above name is undoubtedly one of the most gratifying to the olfactory nerve ever yet discovered. Call at Porter's Drug Store where you can get it in any of its variety of forms—with a great variety of other popular perfumes and Toilet articles.

Dec. 1.

AN EXCELLENT Assortment of Hats and Caps may be found at the cash store of R. N. CALDWELL.

JUST RECEIVED.
MOLASSES of the very best quality direct from New Orleans.
Feb. 23, '58 COLE & AMIS.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!
JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled. Prescription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

THE BEST CHANCE TO GET A GOOD BARGAIN.—The subscriber informs his Friends and the public generally that he has yet on hand a very large Stock of Ready made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Drawers, Umbrellars, Carpet Bags, Watches, Pistols and a great many other articles too numerous to mention, which will be sold at cost for cash to close the Business, persons in want of such goods will do well to call early as they are *going, going, GOING & GONE.*
S. ARCHER.
Greensboro, March '58. East Market-Street.

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!
IF YOU HAVE ANY TIN, CALL on the Subscriber and exchange a little of it for a good stove at 25 to 30 ₱ cent. above costs, and if you want good cooking, try one of the various kinds of *COOK STOVES* he has on hand, and you will save labor, patience and *Tin*; and finally, if you want to keep me out of trouble, and keep out yourselves, come up and let us have a squaring up of accounts, once more, and trade faster and pay oftener hereafter. Respectfully, yours,
C. G. YATES.
Greensboro, Feb. 23, '58 111:3m

ADAMANTINE AND TALLOW Candles by the lb or Box for sale at the cash store of R. N. CALDWELL.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE OF Pure white Lead, Dry and in oil, together with Putty in cans and Glass assorted sizes for sale by R. N. CALDWELL.

JUST ARRIVED JANUARY, 20th 1858.—Another lot of that beautiful Yellow C. Coffee Sugar, only 12½ cts. per lb. Also a fresh lot of Bunch Raisines, Figs, Candies &c., &c., and daily expected a supply of E. D. Cheese, new crop of genuine Molasses &c. Use economy and buy where you can get the best goods for the least money.
COLE & AMIS.
West Market, St., Greensboro, N. C.

SUSPENDED NOTES ON NORTH CAROLINA Banks taken at par for goods
S. ARCHER'S.
Oct. 26.

ATLANTA MEDICAL COLLEGE.
THE FOURTH COURSE of LECTURES in this Institution will commence on the first Monday in May next, and continue four months.

FACULTY:
H. W. Brown, M.D., Prof. of Anatomy.
John W. Jones, M.D., Prof. of Principles and Practice of Medicine
W. F. Westmoreland, M.D., Prof. of Principles and Practice of Surgery.
Thos. S. Powell, M.D., Prof. of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
Alex. Means, M.D., Prof. of Chemistry and Pharmacy.
Joseph P. Logan, M.D., Prof. of Physiology and General Pathology.
J. G. Westmoreland, M.D., of Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence.
T. C. H. Wilson, M.D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

FEES:
For the course of Lectures.....$105
Matriculation, ... 5
Dissecting Ticket, (taken once)..... 10
Graduation, ... 25

The increased facilities in the Departments of Anatomy, Surgery and Chemistry, afforded by ample and well adapted rooms in the New College Building, make these branches of study much more entertaining than heretofore. The Dissecting Room, situated in the upper story of the building, and furnished with sky-light, will be opened and supplied with sound and mollensive subjects by the 15th of April.

Good board can be had in the city at $3 to $4 per week.

For further information address,
J. G. W. STEELE, Dean,
Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 8, 1857. (1Yr.)

THE TIMES

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

My Father and Mother.

Written when absent from home.

BY ECHO.

Ask me not why I heave the deep sigh,
My feelings I cannot well smother;
And should I but speak, the names I'd repeat,
Would be those, of my father and mother.

The world may be gay, in its own wanton way,
It may fondle and love one another;
But no hearts are true, like the sun to the dew,
But those of a father and mother.

Seeming friends may beguile with a kiss or a smile,
But O, how much we had rather,
They'd come to us now, from the ever lov'd brow
Of a dear cherished father and mother.

There are none who can trace, the emotions which chase,
Across our visage each other;
And feel for the woe, which a daughter may know
Like the true ones,—our father and mother.

There's no tie on earth, which has e'er had birth
Tho' climate may change every other;
Like the feelings that burn, in the heart's sacred urn,
Of the being, we call our mother.

Let what may betide, on the world's ocean wide,
Our hearts, will be still knit together;
And tho' I'm not there, I will pray God to spare
Forever, my father and mother.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

I'll think of thee.

Dedicated to Miss L. B.

BY AMYCUS.

I'll think of thee when morning breaks,
And the honey bee from his slumber wakes;
Buzzing among the pretty flowers;
Whiling away the happy hours.

I'll think of thee, when the morning sun,
Has his daily course begun;
While yet the little dewdrops stay;
That welcomed in the god of day.

I'll think of thee at noon-tide hour,
When beneath the fragrant bower:
Fanned by the gentle zephyr's breath,
I form for thee a rosy wreath.

I'll think of thee at the close of day,
When the setting sun's last ray;
From behind the western hills,
Every tree top and spire gilds,

I'll think of thee, when Venus bright,
Ushers in each tranquil night;
And from east, and west afar,
Shines each brilliant, twinkling star.

I'll think of thee when the clock's dull chime
Tells that another day of time
Is linked with the chain of the mighty past,
And in Lethe's stream forever cast.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Cousin Walter.

BY INA CLAYTON.

CHAPTER I.

'Twas bitter then to rend the heart
With the sad word that we must part,
And like some low and mournful spell
To whisper but one word farewell!
Park Benjamin.

A gentle, almost timid knock at the door of my apartment and a "good bye Anna, be a good girl!" awake me from my morning slumber and I instantly arose and hastened to the door, after donning my morning robe, but I was one moment too late; the stage was already rattling off with the one whose farewell words were still thrilling my heart. I ran to the window and waved my handkerchief, but he did not see me, and now what would he think of me, my good, noble cousin Walter. The previous evening as he stood beside me turning the music leaves as I played for him, as I feared for the last time, he told me he should leave at seven the next morning, and that I should fail to be on hand, at the time he proposed to go, must indeed have grieved him. With these reflections I sat me down and wept most bitterly until the breakfast bell rang, and then I bathed my eyes and moved mechanically to the dining room; on being rallied for wearing such an unusual lengthy phiz I unhesitatingly burst into a flood of tears and arose and went to my room; and on taking up a volume of Miss Sandon's sweet thought gems, my tear-filled eyes met the following.

"Ah! tell me not that memory
Sheds gladness o'er the past;—
What is recalled by faded flowers,
Save that they did not last?
Were it not better to forget,
Than but remember and regret?"

Three happy months had passed since my cousin Walter and I accidentally met at an old country residence belonging to an Aunt of ours. It was a most romantic place, and the spot where our fathers had spent the early portion of their lives, on the banks of the noble Hudson. "Idlewild" with all its attractions cannot surpass the fadeless beauty of that place, with its tall gigantic trees, and lofty, towering hills, its miniature lakes and a full view of the gigantic steamers which daily meet the eye as they rush madly on through the deep waters. Oh, what a tide of happiness rushed through my soul those few, three short months. Walter was constantly at my side, and we dreamed nor thought of naught save the blissful present. We were both young and Hope was the only star which shone upon our pathway. I do not remember of seeing Walter in the least degree sad, save once, and that was the season of which I have spoken, the night before we parted; he then spoke of the future, of his intended tour to the Indies which was to be made immediately after his departure from my Aunt's. I listened to him, and then at the thought of such a distance ever lying between us it seemed my heart must break; tears came to my eyes but I brushed them away and I do not think he witnessed my emotion and as if to drive the sad spell thence, he sang with my guitar for an accompaniment,

"Oh! for a soft and gentle wind
I heard a fair one cry,
But give to me the roaring breeze
And white waves beating high.
And white waves beating high, my boys
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our own,
And merry men are we."

But that glorious evening with its songs, its sighs, and its love had passed away and morning had come and Walter had gone, and I felt that I was alone. Heigho! what was I to do, leave for my own dear home I must, in spite of Aunt Flora's teasing me to remain. I accordingly started the next week for the home of my childhood, and reached it safely.

CHAPTER II.

"Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A Paradise below."

Three years had flown and not a word reached me concerning my once cousin-lover; could it be possible he had forgotten me in his absence one, whose soul once seemed joined to my own, or was he cast away, perhaps like Robinson Cruseo a lone inhabitant of some barren isle, or did he sleep the dreamless sleep beneath the dark waters? or was he the victim of some barbarous tribe. Rushing through my brain were all of these wild fancies, when a letter was handed me of a foreign post-mark. I eagerly thrust it open and, as eagerly devoured its contents which were these.

"DEAR COUSIN ANNA:—For the first time since I left you, I now address you. It may seem strange that I have not written you before, since there has not been a day, nor scarce an hour, but what I have thought of you, but all these matters will be explained when we meet which will be soon as I intend to start in the next steamer, viz: "Red Bird" which will be in two weeks precisely. I am looking vastly different and more manly than when we parted, nevertheless, I think you will recognize me very readily. I will not speak to you of my fortune, I will only assert that I am in good health and a heart which care, and distance has not made less true. I have heard from you quite recently, indirectly, however, and know that you are not married, and hope you sometimes give me a thought. Oh, Anna, why did not you as much as bid me good bye the morning I left, were you wandering in dream land? and when you awoke and found I was gone did you feel lonely and wish you had seen me at least once more? But we will wait until we meet before we talk of these things. Good bye until then,

WALTER."

"Dear, dear Walter" I cried "can it be that my sweet dream is to be realized, am I to see you once more, and shall we be as happy as before?" These were the words to which my lips gave utterance on perusing his epistle, and these were the words, too, which drove an uncared for admirer from me forever. "Who is this Walter of yours" he asked sternly. On receiving an answer characteristic of myself he took offence and I was annoyed no further by his protestations &c.—The "Red Bird" arrived with its crew and passengers in safety, and Walter was again by my side, joy unutterable: how blissfully the hours passed, and now I can only add,—Walter loved me, and we were married; and happeness has attended us. Walter is one of the best of husbands.

The Youth that was Hung.

The Sheriff took out his watch, and said: "If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live." The young man burst into tears and said:

"I have to die. I had only one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes, and flaxen hair, and I loved him; but one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home, I found my little brother gathering strawberries in the garden, and I became angry with him without a cause, and killed him at one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it until the next morning, when I awoke from sleep and found myself tied and guarded, and was told where my little brother was found; his hair was clotted with blood and brains, and he was dead. Whisky has done this. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one more word to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say to young people, never! never! never! touch anything that can intoxicate!"

As he pronounced these words, he sprang from his box, and was launched into an endless eternity.

I was melted into tears at the recital and the awful spectacle. My little heart seemed as if it would burst, and break away from my aching bosom, so intolerable were my feelings of grief. And there, in that carriage, while on that cushioned seat, looking with streaming eyes on the body of that unfortunate young man, as it hung, dangling and withering between heaven and earth, as if not fit for either place, there it was that I took the pledge never to touch that hurtful poison.

Long years have since passed away.—White hairs have thickened around these temples, then so ruddy and so young, but I never have forgotten the last words of that young man. And I have not violated that pledge. If the tempter has offered to me the sparkling goblet, the words of that young man have seemed to sound in my ears again.—*Old Man's Story.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—His pipe often furnished Raleigh with an opening for displaying his ready wit to the Queen.—One day he was conversing on the singular properties of the new herb.

"I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that I have so well experienced the nature of it, that I can exactly tell even the weight of the smoke in any quantity I consume."

"I doubt it much, Sir Walter," replied Elizabeth, thinking only of the impracticability of weighing smoke in a balance, "and will wager you twenty angels that you do not solve my doubt."

A quantity was agreed upon to thoroughly smoked. Carefully preserving the ashes, Raleigh weighed these with great exactness, and what was deficient of the original weight, he gave as the result.

"Your Majesty," said he, "cannot deny that the difference hath been evaporated in smoke."

"Truly, I cannot," answered the Queen Then turning to those around her who had been amused by Raleigh's calculations, she continued, in allusion to the alchemists, then very numerous, "Many laborers in the fire have I heard of, who turned their gold into smoke, but Raleigh is the first who has turned smoke into gold."

The intercourse of friendship is a cordial for the heart. It beguiles the hour of grief; gently wean the thoughts from the selfishness of sorrow, and gives the mourner to feel that earth is not a wilderness.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

WORK.—There is a perenial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual dispair. Work, ever so mammonish or mean, is in communication with nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more a nd more to truth, to nature's appointment and regulations, which are truth. Consider how, even in the meanest sort of labor, the whole soul of man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant, he sets himself at work. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.—*Carlyle.*

THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.—As the moon's axis is nearly perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, she can scarcely have any change of seasons. But, what is still more remarkable, one half of the moon has no darkness at all, while the other half has two weeks of light and two of darkness alternately; the inhabitants, if any, of the first half, bask constantly in earth shine, without seeing the sun, whilst those of the latter never see the earth at all. For the earth reflects the light of the sun to the moon in the same manner as the moon does to the earth; therefore at the time of conjunction, or new moon, her further side must be enlightened by the sun and the nearer half by the earth; and at the opposition of full moon, one half of her will be enlightened by the sun, but the other half will be in total darkness. To the lunarians the earth seems the largest orb in the universe; for it appears to them more than three times the size of the sun, and thirteen times greater than the moon does to us—exhibiting similar phases to herself, but in a reverse order; for when the moon is full, the earth is invisible to them, and when the moon is new they will see the earth full. The face of the moon appears to us permanent, but to them the earth presents very different appearances, the Pacific and Atlantic oceans in the course of each twety-four hours, successively rivet their attention. The moon being the fiftieth part of the bulk of our globe, and within 238,000 miles of us, may be brought by a proper telescope which magnifies 1000 times, to appear as she would to the naked eye were she only 250 miles off.

Interesting Facts

A lead wire the 13th of an inch, sustains 281 pounds.

A tin wire the 13th of an inch, sustains 3,417 pounds.

Gun metal is 12 pounds of tin and 100 of copper.

The sea is to the land in round Millions of square miles, as 4 to 1.

Ninety species of bones of quadruqeds have been found which are now unknown.

The waters of the Red sea appear to be 22 feet higher than the Mediterranaen, and the Gulf of Mexico is 22 feet higher than the Pacific.

One gallon of water in steam will raise six gallons from 50 to 212.

Four pounds of beef lose one pound by boiling, one pound five ounces by baking.

Lamps were used by ancients, and candles are an invention of the middle ages. At first wicks were made of hemp papyrus and the pith of rushes.

PEACH TREE BORER—TANSY.—We saw it stated two years ago in an agricultural journal, that these pests could be driven from peach trees by tansy. We planted it at the roots of some ten or twelve trees, and not one of them have been disturbed, whilst others are injured. This spring we intend planting it around all.—*Newberry Sun.*

A NEW VARIETY OF WHEAT.—A gentleman from Alabama received from the Patent Office some spring wheat from the farm of Abraham, at the foot of Mt. Carmel, in the Holy Land, which he sowed during the past Spring. It came to maturity in seven weeks, producing a large full head, with a berry in every respect equal to the original. This wheat is reputed to ripen in Syria in sixty days from sowing. It will thus be seen that our climate hastened its period of maturity eleven days.

HOW TO INCREASE MANURE.—If you have hitherto done so, permit us now to prevail on you to take this advice:—Have as many loads of rough materials hauled and spread over your cow yard as will make twelve inches in depth. In spreading, so fashion the materials as to be basin shaped, the lowest point being in the center, to prevent the escape of the urine. While the rough materials are being placed in and spread on the yard, dust each layer so spread with plaster, or with pulverized charcoal, and when completed, dust the surface with either of the substances named; then roll the yard to consolidate its contents—the heavier the roller the better. Occasionally throughout the yarding seasons spread plaster over the yard, and from time to time add rough material. —*American Farmer.*

STRENGTH OF METAL.—In some experiments made for testing the comparative strenght of plain and corrugated metal the superiority of the latter was singnificantly demonstrated.—Two pieces of copper, of equal surface and thickness, were formed in arches of about fifteen inches in length, the one having a flat surface, and the other two corrugated arches. The arch with the flat surface gave way under a few pounds, while the corrugated arch withstood the weight of two men who violently surged upon it without making the least impression. In another experiment, made upon a large scale, and under unequal conditions, the plain arch gave way with three thousand one hundred and twenty six pounds of pig iron upon its crown, while the corrugated arch bore the weight of sixteen thousand nine hundred and ninety four pounds of the same metal for forty-eight hours without the least perceptible deflection.—This was afterwards increased to twenty seven thousand pounds which also remained forty-eight hours with no visible deflection.

Salad for the Solitary

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting plac'd the best Fire.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

ANSWER to question of last week:—Whole Amount $1,500; A's Share $750; B's Share $500; D's Share $250.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION. A Farmer took some turkeys, ducks and chickens to market. He took 1-5 as many turkeys as ducks and chickens; ½ as many ducks as turkeys and chickens, and as many chickens as tukeys and ducks. When he started he said to his wife. If I had ¼ less ducks I would expect to get an equal amount of money for each kind of my birds.' When he returned he said. "I got ten cents a piece less for my ducks than I expected, and so I lack $2.00 of getting enough to buy Mr. A's cow Had I known it before I started I would have taken 4 more ducks to make up the deficiency.'—How many birds of each kind did he take, and at what did he sell them? Answer next week.

Lawyers, says Sam Slick, have grown so genteel, they have altered their very name and very natur.' Once upon a time they used to be called attorneys, now, forsooth, they are s'liciters; formerly they were styled lawyers, but now nothing but bannisters will do; and nice bannisters they are for a feller to lean upon that's going down stairs to the deuce!

'I love to look upon a young man.—There is a hidden poteney concealed within his breast which charms and pains me.'

The daughter of a clergyman happening to find the above sentence at the close of a piece of her father's manuscript, as he had left it in his study, sat down and added—

'Them's my sentiments exacly papa,—all but the pains.'

A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that he was one of the few. Such a jewel of a Christian, you cannot find his equal, you well know.' To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart: 'I'll bet I will.'

AN UNWELCOME RECOGNITION.—On the arrival of a company of girls at Bloomington, Iowa, last week, under an agent of the women's emigration society of New York, a gentleman of Bloomington came to select a girl to work in his family He was carefully scanning the faces before him, when all at once he started as if suddenly shot, turned pale and was about to make a sudden retreat, when one of the young ladies walked up to him and said, "I'll go with this gentleman; I've lived with him before; he's my husband! My dear Thomas, what made you leave me five years ago without saying 'goodbye?' and why didn't you let me know you were living in such a beautiful place as Bloomington? If I had only known you were living here, I would have come." The "dear Thomas" got away and took to his heels, and the unwelcome wife followed in pursuit. The result of the race had not transpired when the Bloomington paper went to press.

'Pa I know what a fillibuster is.'

'Well, Johnny, what is a fillibuster?'

'It's green clover.'

'Green what?'

'Green clover. 'Cause, when Unkle Jack's filly foundered herself, he said a little more of that green clover would a' busted her, and, if it had, wouldn't it a been a *filly buster?*'

'Go to bed child, go to bed.'

A pair of pretty eyes are the best mirror to shave by.

"Yes" said a crusty old bachlor, "many a man has been shaved by them."

Two country lawyers overtaking a wagoner, and thinking to crack a joke on him, asked with assumed gravity:

"Pray, Mister Wagoner, how is it that your fore-horse is so fat and the others so lean?"

The wagoner, with sharpened Scotch penetration, and knowing them to belong to the legal tribe, replied:

"Well, ye see, the reason is plain—the fore-horse is a lawyer, an the ither two are his clients."

One reason why the world is not reformed is because every man is bent on reforming others, and never think of reforming himself.

SCENE AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.—A poor tailor being released from the troublesome world and a scolding wife, appeared at the gate of paradise.

'Peter asked him if he had ever been in purgatory.

'No,' said the tailor, 'but I have been married.'

'Oh,' said Peter, 'that's all the same.'

The tailor had scarcely gone in, before a fat, turtle eating alderman came puffing and blowing.

'Hallow, you fellow,' said he open the door.'

'Not so fast,' said Peter, 'have you ever been in purgatory.

'No,' said the alderman, 'but what's that to the purpose? You let in that half starved tailor and he had been no more in purgatory than *I*.'

'But he has been married,' said Peter.

'Married!' exclaimed the alderman, 'why I have been married twice.'

'Then please go back again,' said Peter, 'paradise is no place for fools.'

Humility is a flower that prospers most when planted on the rich soil of a noble and great mind.

We should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself.

The girls think of Hymen, and cant help sighing. When their lovers forsake them, they can't help crying. They sit at the windows, and can't help spying. They screw up their corsets, bring on consumption, and can't help dying.

It is folly to suffer a protracted cough when relief may be so easily obtained.—Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is undoubtedly the most reliable of all preparations offered for the cure of throat and lung complaints.

One young man in the vicinity of Boston shot himself because he could not get a wife; and another, because he could not get a divorce.

Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing—rum.

Business Cards.

THE TIMES:
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Having a large list of the best WORKS, its contents are mostly original—embracing Original Stories History, Biography, Science, Agriculture, Education, Poetry and News.
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TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained, Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
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DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.

January 1, 1856 1-1y.

JAMES M. EDNEY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, 56 *John street, N. Y.*

Buys and forwards every kind of merchandise for 2½ *per cent. Commission.* Refers to Govs. Swain and Morehead, N. W. Woodfin, J. W. Osborne, C. P. Mendenhall, A. M. Gorman, Esqs. and Rev. C. F. Deems, Hon. W. A. Graham, and others. *Dealer in* Pianos, Melodeons, Organs, Harps, Guitars, Music, Sewing Machines, Iron Safes, Pumps, Garden Engines, &c. A printed list of all the different makers, kinds and prices *sent free.* Publisher of an elegant lithograph of "*Hickory Nut Falls,*" N. C. ($1,) and the "*Cherokee Physician: or, Indian Guide to Health.*" This invaluable *family adviser* should be in every house. It treats of all diseases, has a copious glossary and prescribes the remedies and from nature's bounteous stores for all our infirmities and misfortunes. It is printed on fine white paper, handsomely bound, fourth edition, 300 pages, and is *mailed free for one dollar.*

New Rosewood Pianos, $150. (107:1y)

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.

Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.*

He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60:1y

Dr. B. L. COLE,
HAVING TAKEN AN OFFICE on West Market St., Greensboro, N. C., next door to Cole & Amis' Store, offers his services to the Citizens of said place and surrounding country

From his experience in the treatment of disease, he flatters himself that he can meet and conquer the various forms of disease, though insidious in its attack, wherever the science of Medicine or Surgery can be available.

He would particularly call the attention of those suffering with scrofula, cancer, and all other Surgical diseases, Diseases and Malformation of the eye and ear. Those having cross eyes and wishing them straight and natural in appearance can have it done by applying to him.

Ladies suffering from long standing chronic disease which has baffled the skill of others might be benefitted by giving him a trial, as his experience has been extensive in the treatment of diseases peculiar to Females, at all events no charge will be made for advice when his skill cannot cure or greatly mitigate the sufferings of his patient. Persons living at a distance and wishing the benefit of his services by applying to him will be assisted in procuring comfortable boarding on accommodating terms. He has also had an extensive practice in Specific diseases of all kinds and professional Confidence never violated.

Feb. 1, 1858. 108-1y.

Cabinet Furniture
AND
COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,
MANUFACTURED BY
JOS. SEARS.

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on West Market street, shop formerly occupied by P. Thurston.

Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE HAS taken a room in Messrs. J. & F. Garret's New Brick building, second story, and expects to be able to accommodate all who may want Bonnets Bleached and Dressed. She will also make Ladie's Dresses, or Gentlemen's Coats, Pants, Vests. All work will be done in good style and on moderate terms.

Room No. 3, second story, J. & F. Garrett's New Brick Building.

Oct 27th. (44.)

New Photographic Gallery.
WEAR & LEE, *Artists.*
Room over the Store of C. N. McAdoo.

THE Ladies and Gentlemen of Greensboro and vicinity, are most respectfully invited to call and examine specimens of their work.—Every kind and style of Picture know in the Art, will be taken at their Gallery.

The Senior Partner, having been engaged nearly the last ten years in the business, and having operated in Galleries of the highest repute in the Northern cities, feels competent to give entire satisfaction. They hope their desire and ability to please will insure them a corresponding measure of success.

J. S. WEAR,
A. S. LEE.

January 25, 1858. 107:3m

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—R. N. Caldwell has just received his neat and well selected assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, Druggs, Paints and Die Stuffs, Castings, Cedar and willow wares, all of which he offers on the most reasonable terms and earnestly solicits his friends, and the trading community to an examination of his stock

Terms exclusively cash or its equivolent, and no deviation in Prices.

R. N. CALDWELL.

Young America in the Field!

H. C. GORRELL is now prepared to take likenesses of all descriptions, Ambrotypes, Melainotypes, Cameotypes, &c., surpassed by none for beauty and durability. Having permanently located in this place, he confidently looks for a liberal patronage. Call and examine his specimens. Gallery on the 2nd floor of Garrett's New Brick building.

Greensboro Feb. 1858. 108.

THE NORTH-CAROLINA
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Devoted to the general interests of Education, in all its grades, is published in neat pamphlet form, on the 1st of every month at the following rates:

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☞ *All communications should be addressed to the Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

Persons sending $3 will receive a copy of the *Journal* and a copy of the *Times*, for one year.

Opinions of the Press.

We make the following extracts from the notices, of the first No. of the N. C. Journal of Education, in our exchanges:

"The Journal will prove of service to the State, and we recommend all who are interested in the progress of Education in North Carolina to subscribe."—*Wilmington Herald.*

"The cause of Education will form the burden of its efforts. The present number is one of much promise, and from the number and character of the Editors, we may look for a very valuable publication."—*Wilmington Commercial.*

The Central Presbyterian, published in Richmond Va., after mentioning a number of the Board of Editors says—"These names are a pledge to the public that the journal will be conducted with ability,—and from their diversified position over an extensive field they can the more effectually present their views, experiences, and observations, for the common benefit of all. The design of the work is *practical.* * * * The field, is a large and diversified one; and such a work can scarcely fail to have an auspicious bearing upon the cause of education not only in North Carolina, but in other States. And here we may be permitted to remark that very few are aware of the progress which North Carolina has made during the last twenty years, in the cause of education. * * * For ourselves we are not at all envious of North Carolina, because of her having first embarked in this enterprise; but we wish her God speed in every noble undertaking, for the enlightenment and elevation of her people."

We might multiply the extracts, but our friends have already seen many of them and we have not room for more.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY—Cole & Amis have discovered they can sell Goods cheaper for cash by at least 25 per cent. than they have formerly been sold at in this section of county. They are now receiving a large addition to their stock of Groceries and Domestic Dry Goods, consisting of Sugars, Coffees, Molasses, Cheese, Salt, and Liquors of all kinds, Confectionaries, Fruits preserved and dried, both in Syrup and Brandy. Also, a large stock of Domestic Dry Goods, Shirting, Sheeting, Bleached Domestics, Heavy-drilled Domestics, Linsies, Kersies, Jeans of superior quality and variety, and a large stock of Calico prints, Shoes, &c., &c., &c.

Call and examine before you purchase elsewhere, and the difference cannot but be perceived. Country Merchants will find it to their interest to give us a call as we will sell for a very small advance on cost. Give us a trial.

West Market st., Greensboro, N. C

Dec, 1857

FALL DISTRIBUTION—COMMON SCHOOLS, 1857.

No. 1	$67.76	No. 27	$69.52	No. 53	$88.00
2	63.36	28	104.72	54	82.00
3	69.52	29	65.12	55	97.68
4	66.88	30	106.48	56	79.20
5	115.28	31	76.56	57	102.08
6	83.60	32	81.84	58	54.56
7	71.28	33	134.64	59	92.40
8	73.92	34	124.96	60	62.48
9	73.92	35	51.04	61	60.72
10	68.64	36	125.84	62	55.44
11	61.60	37	95.04	63	62.48
12	61.60	38	151.36	64	52.80
13	45.76	39	28.16	65	61.60
14	53.68	40	59.84	66	48.40
15	60.72	41	73.04	67	59.84
16	89.76	42	102.96	68	62 48
17	64 24	43	70.40	69	24.64
18	66 00	44	45.76	70	35.20
19	79.20	45	63.36	71	100 32
20	19.36	46	75.68	72	46.64
21	66.00	47	59.84	73	45.76
22	82.72	48	71.28	74	69.52
23	119.68	49	42.24	75	65.12
24	95.04	50	115.28	76	40.48
25	58.08	51	37.84		
26	71.28	52	73.92		

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April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases.

To all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence. Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the Vice of Onanism, or self abuse, &c., &c

The Howtrd Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to open a Dispensary for the treatment of this class of diseases, in all their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Just Published by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation or a Self-Abuse, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed letter envelope,) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of TWO STAMPS for postage.

Address, for Report or treatment, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*
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March, 1858. (113-1 y.)

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23 Bags Rio Coffee, 25 do Laguyra do.
20 bbls C Yellow Sugar,
50 Boxes fine Adamantine Candles,
50 Half Boxes Colgates, No 1 Soap. Low for cash. GEO. H. KELLEY.

Wilmington, Feb. 11

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Having just added to our hitherto large and well-selected Job Office, a magnificent assortment of **Plain & Fancy Job TYPE,** we are confident that we can execute ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING IN THE BEST STYLE FOR THE LEAST MONEY OF ANY OFFICE IN THE STATE. Persons wishing

Pamphlets, Circulars, Hand Bills,
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Or any thing else in the Printing line, would do well to try us once.

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WE have just printed, on a very good article of Foolscap, a general assortment of BLANKS—consisting (in part) of

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Deeds of Trust,	Witness Tickets,	Juror Tickets,
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A BEAUTIFUL HEAD of RICH GLOSSY HAIR, completely preserved to the greatest age.

And who that is gray would not have it restored to former color: or bald, but would have the growth restored, or troubled with dandruff and itching but would have it removed, or troubled with scrofula, scald head, or other eruptions, but would be cured, or with sick headache, (neuralgia) but would be cured. It will also remove all pimples from the face and skin. Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative will do all this, see circular and the following.

ANN ARBOR, November 5, 1856.

PROF. O. J. WOOD—Dear Sir: I have heard much said of the wonderful effects of your Hair Restorative, but having been so often cheated by quackery and quack nostrums, hair dyes, &c., I was disposed to place your Restorative in the same category with the thousand and one loudly trumpeted quack remedies, until I met you in Lawrence county some months since, when you gave me such assurance as induced the trial of your Restorative in my family—first by my good wife, whose hair had become very thin and entirely white, and before exhausting one of your large bottles, her hair was restored nearly to its original beautiful brown color, and had thickened and became beautiful and glossy upon, and entirely over the head; she continues to use it, not simply because of its beautifying effects upon the hair, but because of its healthful influence upon the head and mind. Others of my family and friends are using your Restorative, with the happiest effects; therefore, my skepticism and doubts in reference to its character and value are entirely removed; and I can and do most cordially and confidentially recommend its use by all who would have their hair restored from white or gray (by reason of sickness or age,) to original color and beauty, and by all young persons who would have their hair beautiful and glossy. Very truly and gratefully yours, SOLOMON MANN.

FRIEND WOOD: It was a long time after I saw you at Blissfield before I got the bottle of Restorative for which you gave me an order upon your agent in Detroit, and when I got it we concluded to try it on Mrs. Mann's hair, as the surest test of its power. It has done all that you assured me it would do; and others of my family and friends, have witnessed its effects, are now using and recommending its use to others as entitled to the highest consideration you claim for it. Again, very respectfully and truly, yours, SOLOMON MANN.

CARLYLE, ILL., June 28, 1852.

I have used Prof. O. J. Wood's Hair Restorative, and have admired its wonderful effects. My hair was becoming, as I thought, prematurely gray, but by the use of his Restorative it has resumed its original color, and, I have no doubt, permanently so.

S. BRESSE, ex-Senator, U. S.

O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, N. Y., (in the great N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment) and 114 Market street, St. Louis, Mo. And sold by all good Druggists by
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